

W. H. Kellogg

THE

Male Voice Choir.

BY

L. O. EMERSON.

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THE
MALE VOICE CHOIR:



A COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL AND SELECTED GOSPEL SONGS,

BY
L. O. EMERSON.

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PREFACE.

Behold, I stand at the door and knock.

Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat.

Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

Who are these which are arrayed in white robes? These are they which have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

He that overcometh the same shall be clothed in white raiment, and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels.

And a voice came out of the throne, saying: Praise our God all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder, and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps; and they sung as it were a new song before the throne.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all thy marvelous works.

I will be glad and rejoice in thee; I will sing praises to thy name, O Thou Most Holy.

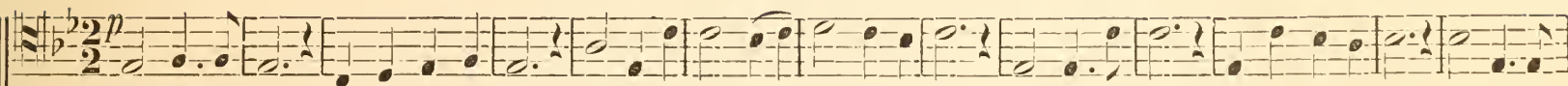
Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth.

Therefore, the redeemed of the Lord shall return and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head.

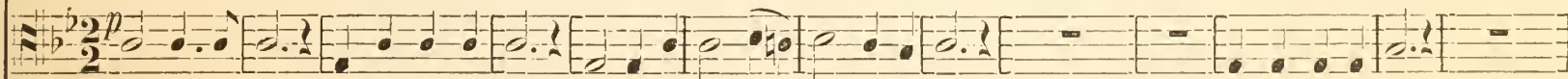
THE MALE VOICE CHOIR.

SEEK YE THE LORD.

L. O. EMERSON.

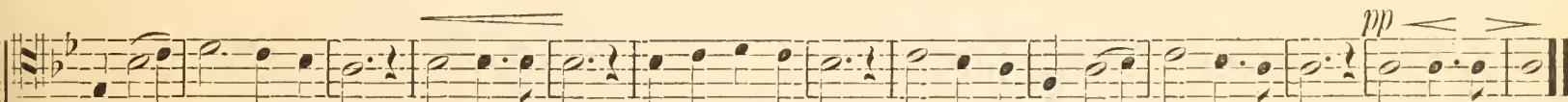
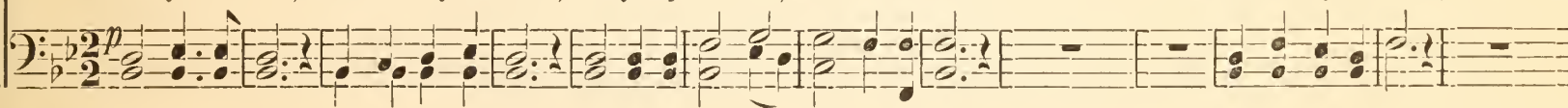


Seek ye the Lord, While he may be found ; Call ye up - on him, While he is near. Seek ye the Lord, While he may be found ; Call ye up -

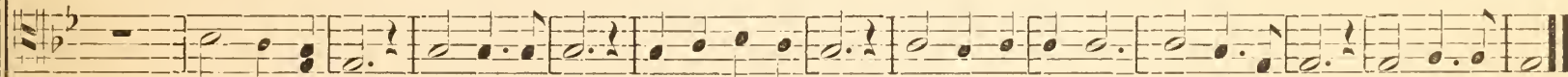


Seek ye the Lord, While he may be found ; Call ye up - on him, While he is near.

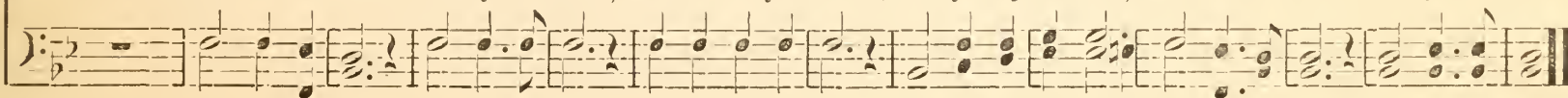
While he may be found ;



- on him, While he is near. Seek ye the Lord, While he may be found ; Call ye up - on him, While he is near, Seek ye the Lord.



While he is near. Seek ye the Lord, While he may be found ; Call ye up - on him, While he is near, Seek ye the Lord.



CALLING, STILL CALLING.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

L. O. E.

1. Call - ing, still call - ing, Christ pleads a - bove; Call - ing, still call - ing, Christ calls in love; Turn, sin - ner, be not lost,

2. Call - ing, still call - ing, Christ is the way; Call - ing, still call - ing, Christ calls to - day; Heed, sin - ner, heed my call,

3. Call - ing, still call - ing, Christ ev - er seeks, Call - ing, still call - ing, Christ ev - er speaks; "Come, sin - ner, come to Me,

While sav - ing grace is free; I suf - fer'd on the cross, To ran - som thee. Come, sin - ner, come.

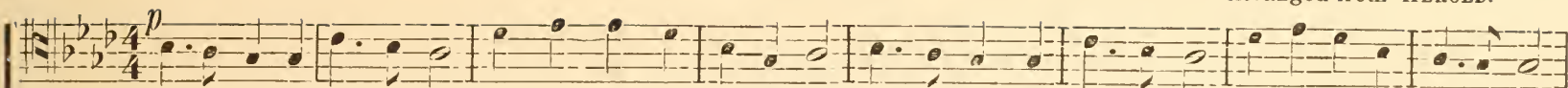
Turn, now, re - pent of sin; I came to bear it all, Thy soul to win. Come, sin - ner, come.

Take what I wait to give, Since there is life for thee, Come, thou and live. Come, sin - ner, come.

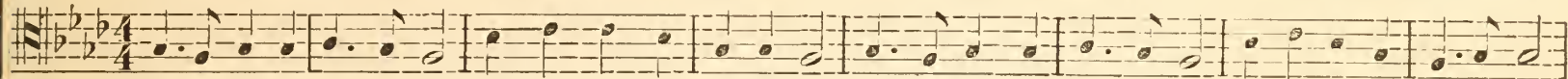
ROCK OF AGES.

5

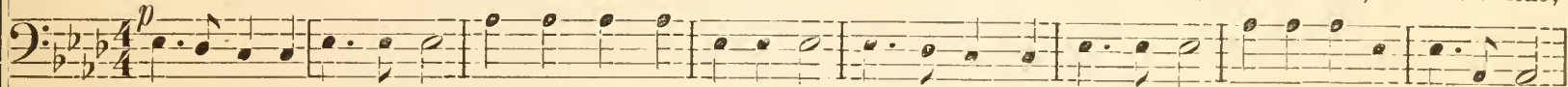
Arranged from HEROLD.



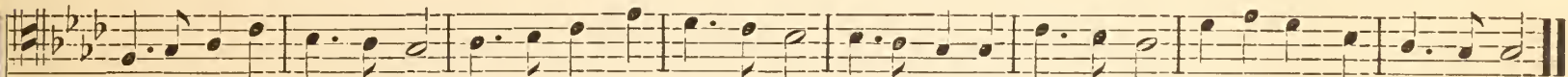
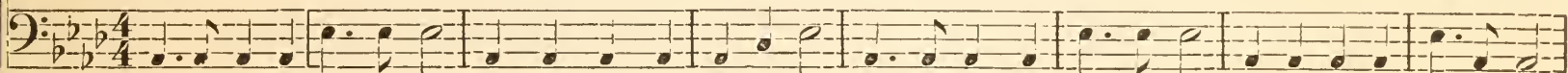
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy side a healing flood,



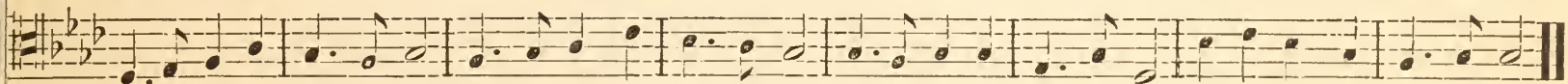
2. Should my tears for-ev - er flow, Should my zeal no languor know, This for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;



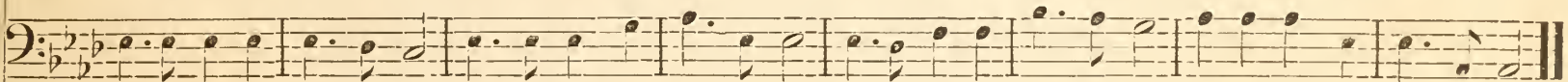
3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eye-lids close in death, When I rise to worlds unknown, And behold Thee on thy throne;



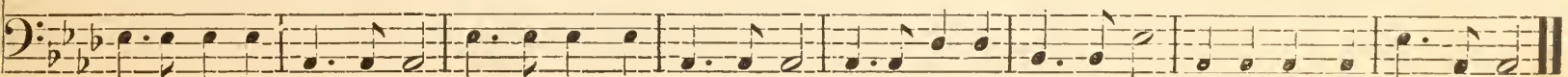
Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure, Be of sin the dou-ble cure, Save from wrath, and make me pure.



In my hand no price I bring, Sim-ply to Thy cross I cling, In my hand no price I bring, Simply to Thy cross I cling.



Rock of A-ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee, Rock of A-ges! cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



FATHER, THY SON HATH DIED.



1. Father, thy Son hath died The sinner's death of woe; Stoop - ing in love from heaven to earth, Our curse to un - der - go, Our



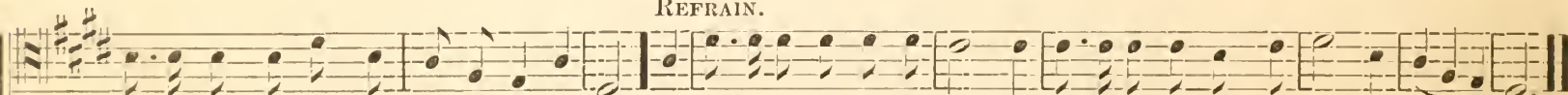
2. Father, thy Son hath poured His life blood on the earth; To cleanse a - way our guilt and stains, To give us sec - ond birth, To



3. Father, thy Son is King, heav'n's crown, and earth's is his! For us, for us he bought the crown, For us he earned the bliss, For



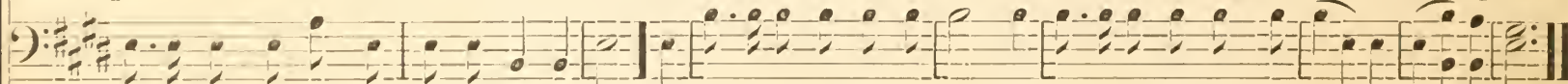
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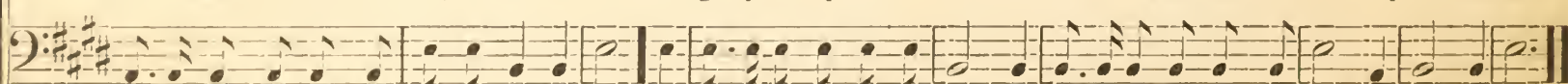
curse to un - der-go, Up - on the hateful tree; Give glo-ry to thy Son, O Lord! Put honor on that Name of names, By blessing me.



give us sec-ond birth, From sin to set us free; Give glo-ry to thy Son, O Lord! Put honor on that Name of names, By blessing me.



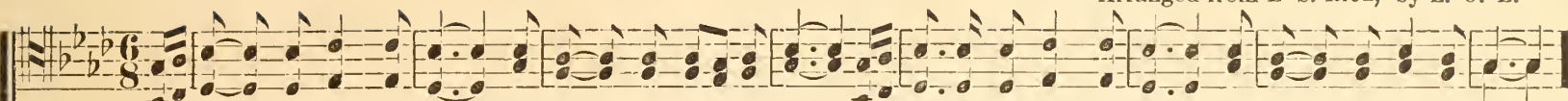
us he earned the bliss: A - men, so let it be! Give glo-ry to thy Son, O Lord! Put honor on that Name of names, By blessing me.



NEARER MY HEAVENLY HOME.

7

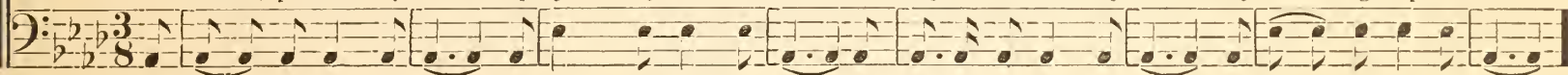
Arranged from E. S. RICE, by L. O. E.



1. One sweet - ly, sol - emn thought, Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.
2. I'm nearer my Father's house, Where ma - ny mansions be, I'm nearer the great white throne, I'm nearer the jas - per sea.



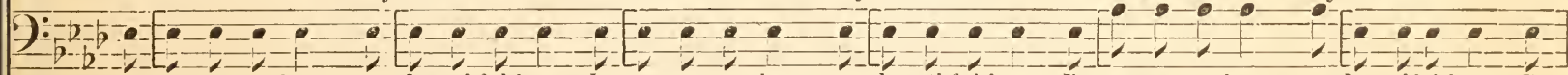
3. I'm nearer the bound of life, Where lay we our burdens down, And nearer the time to leave The cross, and wear the crown.
4. O Father, per - fect my trust, Sup - port my fee - ble frame; Oh, keep me beneath thy care, My trembling hope sus - tain.



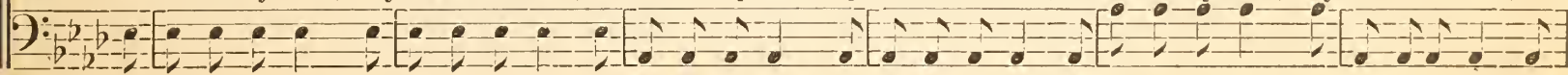
CHORUS.



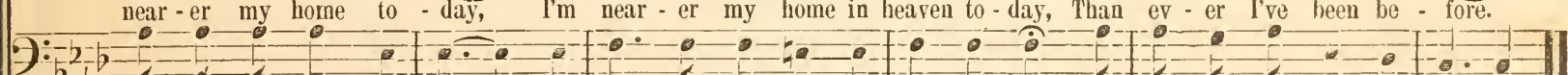
I'm near - er my home..... I'm near - er my home, I'm near - er my home I'm



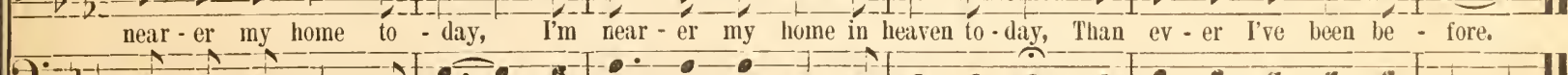
I'm nearer my home, my beau - ti - ful home; I'm nearer my home, my beau - ti - ful home; I'm nearer my home, my beautiful home; I'm



near - er my home to - day, I'm near - er my home in heaven to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.



near - er my home to - day, I'm near - er my home in heaven to - day, Than ev - er I've been be - fore.



η Moderato.

Nothing but leaves!... The spir-it grieves Over a wasted life ; Sins committed while conscience slept, Promises made, but never kept,

Nothing but leaves! The spirit grieves Over a wasted life ; Sins committed while conscience slept, Promises made, but never kept,

*cres.**ad lib.*

Hatred, battle, and strife, Hatred, battle, and strife; Nothing but leaves !..... Nothing but leaves..... Nothing, nothing,

Hatred, battle, and strife, Nothing but leaves ! Nothing but leaves ! Nothing ! Nothing !

ad lib.

No ! noth-ing but leaves ! Shall we meet the Mas-ter so, Bearing our withered leaves ? Bearing our withered leaves ? No, no, no,

No ! noth ing but leaves ! Shall we meet the Mas-ter so, Bearing our withered leaves ? Bearing our withered leaves ?

NOTHING BUT LEAVES! Concluded,

9

ad lib.

First system of the musical score. It consists of three staves: a vocal line (treble clef), a piano accompaniment line (treble clef), and a bass line (bass clef). The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The vocal line begins with the lyrics "No! no, no, no, No! Bearing our with - ered leaves?..... The". The piano accompaniment and bass line provide harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

Second system of the musical score. It continues the three-staff format. The vocal line has the lyrics "Saviour looks for per-fect fruit, We stand before him, humbled, mute, Waiting the word he breathes, Waiting the word he breathes, Nothing but". The piano accompaniment and bass line continue with harmonic support.

Third system of the musical score. It concludes the piece. The vocal line has the lyrics "leaves..... Nothing but leaves!..... Nothing, nothing, No! noth-ing but leaves!". The piano accompaniment and bass line provide the final harmonic support.

STRIKE THE HARP IN PRAISE OF GOD.

DUET AND CHORUS.

Arranged in part.

1. Strike! strike the harp in praise of God! Wake the tim-brel's loud - er mirth, Glo - ri - ous the

2. Hon - or Him, ye hosts of heav'n! Wor - ship Him, ye realms be - low! Not with out - ward

song must be Of the great Cre - a - tor's worth, Na - ture in her calm - ness rais - es Strains of

form a - lone, But with hearts that pure - ly glow, He who rules the earth, the o - cean, Keep - eth

Gladness peace and love, Man re - ech-oes forth her prais - es, Glo - ry to the God a - bove.

si - lent watch o'er thee, He can tell with what de - vo - tion, Bows the heart or bends the knee.

STRIKE THE HARP IN PRAISE OF GOD. Concluded.

11

CHORUS.

Strike the harp in praise of God! Wake the tim-brel's loud - er strain; Glo - ri - ous the

Strike the harp in praise of God! Wake the tim - brel's loud - er strain; Glo - ri - ous the

Strike the harp, strike the harp in praise of God! Wake the tim-brel's luod - er strain; Glo - ri - ous the

song must be, Of the Great Cre - a - tor's worth, Of the Great Cre - a - tor's worth.

song must be, Of the Great Cre - a - tor's worth, Of the Great Cre - a - tor's worth.

song must be, Of the Great Cre - a - tor's worth, Of the Great Cre - a - tor's worth.

SINGING ALL THE WAY.

Words and Music by MRS. T. J. COOK.

Arr, by L. O. E.

1. I go sing - ing all the way, For my Fa - ther, thus doth say, "Cast on me thy fear and care, Be thou free as bird of air."
 2. Have you found the Saviour true In his prom - is - es to you? Has he brought you to His feet, Low be - fore the mer - cy seat?
 3. Do you think of heav'n as home, Do you long there - in to roam? Is your life in sweet ac - cord, With the law, the sa - cred word?
 4. Till I reach the realms of light, And behold His pres - ence bright, Soar - ing, sing - ing will I be, Joy - ous as the bird - ling free.

1. I go singing, I go singing, I go singing, singing all the way; I go singing, I go singing, I go singing, sing - ing all the way.
 2. Then go singing, Then go singing, Then go singing, singing all the way; Then go singing, Then go singing, Then go singing, sing - ing all the way.
 3. Then go singing, Then go singing, Then go singing, singing all the way; Then go singing, Then go singing, Then go singing, sing - ing all the way.
 4. I'll go singing, I'll go singing, I'll go singing, singing all the way; I'll go singing, I'll go singing, I'll go singing, sing - ing all the way.

I CAN NOT ALWAYS TRACE THE WAY.

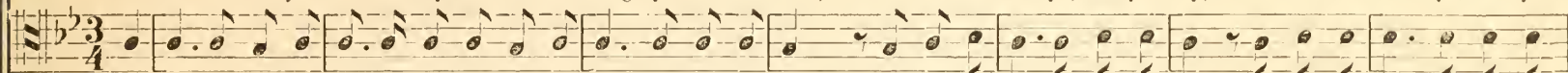
13

HOWARD M. DOW.

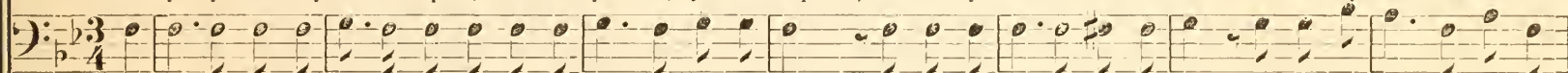
Modrato.



1. I can not always trace the way Where thou Almighty One dost move, But I can always, always say, But I can al - ways, al-ways



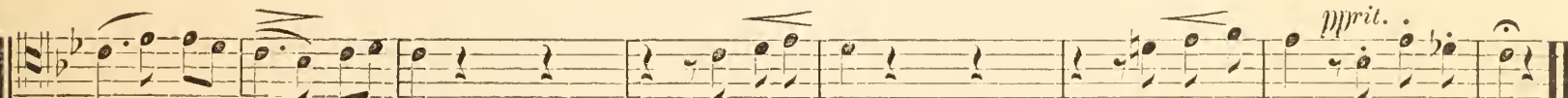
2. When myst'ry clouds my darkened path, I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove; In this my soul sweet comfort hath, In this my soul sweet comfort



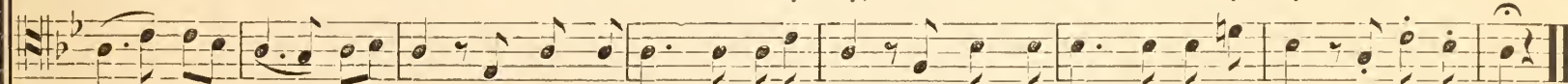
3. Yes, God is love! a word like this can ev'ry gloom-y thought remove, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, And turn all tears, all woes, to



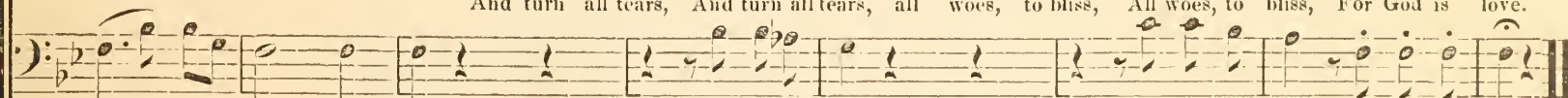
But I can al-ways, al-ways say,
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,



say That God is Love, Can al-ways say, can al-ways say That God is love.



hath, That God is love. But I can al - ways, always say, But I can al - ways, al-ways say That God is love.
In this my soul, In this my soul, sweet com - fort hath, sweet comfort hath, That God is love.
And turn all tears, And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.



bliss. For God is love. And turn all tears, All woes, to bliss, For God is love.



GEORGE COOPER.

L. O. E.

1. Ref-uge in my pain and fear, Bles - sed boon for - ev - er near; Hope when earthly hope shall fail, Balm when hearts of ter - ror quail;

2. An-chor of my wea - ry soul, While the dark-ling bil-lows roll; Pleas-ant man-sion of my rest, Making me a wel - come guest;

Light up - on our storm - y way, Friend - ly guide from day to day; Life and joy, or sor-row bring, Sa-viour, to thy cross I cling!

Tok - en of our Fa-ther's love, While in doubt and fear we rove, Death may joy or sor-row bring; Sa- vior, to thy cross I cling!

p REFRAIN.

ad lib.

To thy cross I cling, To the cross I cling, To the cross I cling, Saviour, to the cross I cling.

To thy cross, To the cross, To the cross I cling, Sa-viour, to the cross I cling.

To thy cross, To the cross, To the cross I cling, Sa-viour, to the cross I cling.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

L. O. E.

1. Hark, my soul! it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Sa-viour, hear his word, Je-sus speaks, and speaks to thee, "Say, poor sin-ner, lovest thou me?"

2. Mine is an unchanging love, High-er than the heights above, Deep-er than the depths beneath, Free and faithful, strong as death.

3. Thou shalt see my glo-ry soon, When the work of grace is done, Part-ner of my throne shall be; "Say, poor sin-ner, lovest thou me?"

ARE YOU READY?

L. O. E.



1. Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy for the summons, Should the sum-mons come to - day, That will
 2. Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy for the sup - per, Are your wed - ding gar - ments on? Have you
 3. Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy? ask the ques - tion Of your cal - lous heart to - day; Let not



call you from the tri - fles, From these fic - kle joys a - way? Can you face a just Re - deem - er, Con - cious of a sav - ing
 trim'd your lamp and fill'd it, Ere th' ap - point ed time is gone? Fleet - ing are these earthly treasures, All these trou - bles oh, how
 i - dle pleasures blind you, Time is fly - ing! why de - lay? Christ is pa - tient, but the wayward, Hard - er grow and hard - er



ARE YOU READY? Concluded.

17

CHORUS.

love? Is your ti - tle clear to pass you, To the joys that wait a - bove; Are you rea-dy? Are you
vain! Why shall i - dle trinkets lure thee? Why these fad-ing fol - lies chain?
still; Are you rea - dy to re-ceive Him? Can you, will you, do his will;

Are you rea-dy?

Are you rea dy?

rea-dy? Are you rea - dy for the summons, should the summons come to day, Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy?

pp ad lib.

Are you ready? Are you rea - dy for the summons, should the summons come to-day, Are you rea dy? Are you rea-dy?

Are you readp? Are you rea - dy for the summons, should the summons come to-day, Are you rea-dy? Are you rea-dy?

"GO FORTH," SAID THE MASTER.

Allegro moderato.

*

1. "Go forth," said the Master, and make no de-lay; In vite to the banquet, in-vite all to-day, The chosen have tarried, Bring
 2. Then quickly the servants went out from the Lord; His message they published with joyful accord, From highways and hedges they
 3. O, way-worn and wea ry, de-spise not the call; Re-ject not that mer-cy, 'tis free, free to all, Thy Fa-ther is wait-ing to



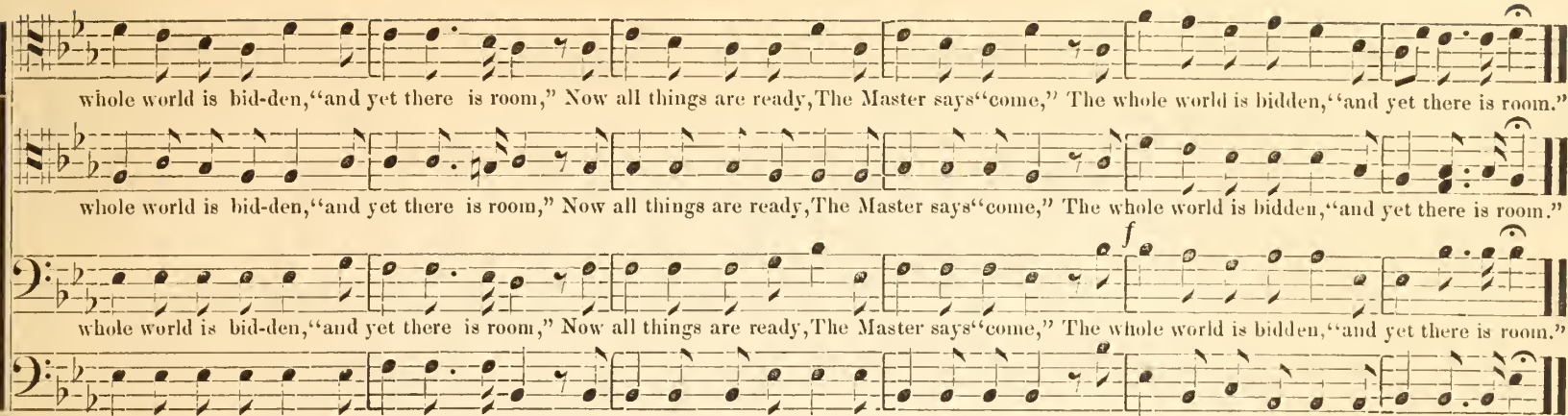
rit.

f CHORUS.

hith-er the blind, The poor, and the need-y; leave no one be-hind. Now all things are read-y, The Master says "come, The
 call'd to the feast, And wel-come with rap-ture each wan-der-ing guest. welcome thee home, Oh! haste to the ban-quet while yet there is room.



* 3rd. verse slower.



whole world is bid-den, "and yet there is room," Now all things are ready, The Master says "come," The whole world is bidden, "and yet there is room."

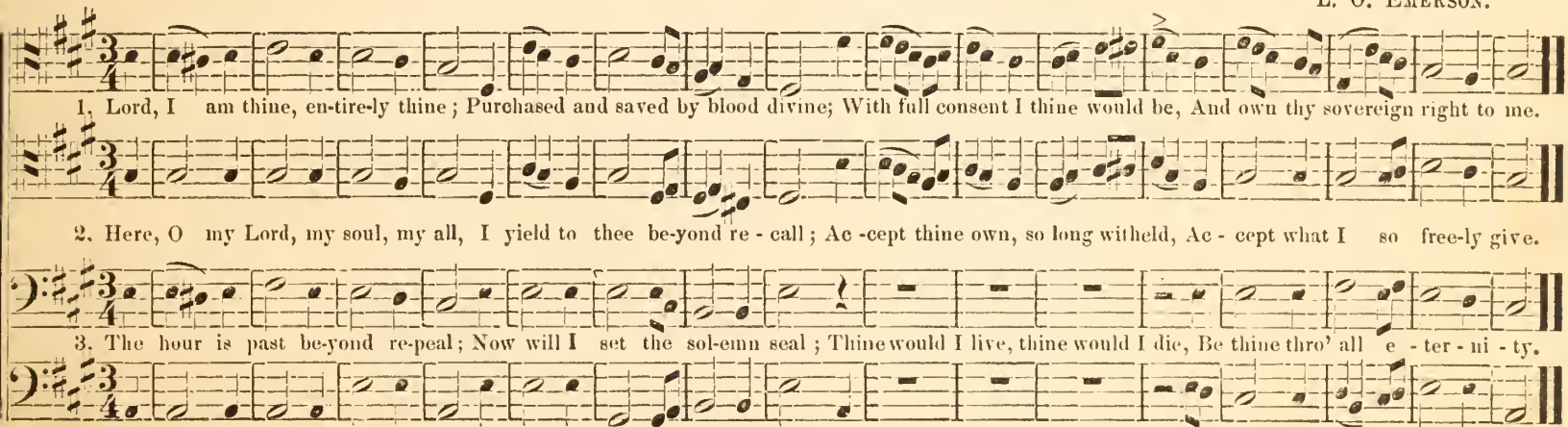
whole world is bid-den, "and yet there is room," Now all things are ready, The Master says "come," The whole world is bidden, "and yet there is room."

whole world is bid-den, "and yet there is room," Now all things are ready, The Master says "come," The whole world is bidden, "and yet there is room."

whole world is bid-den, "and yet there is room," Now all things are ready, The Master says "come," The whole world is bidden, "and yet there is room."

LORD, I AM THINE,

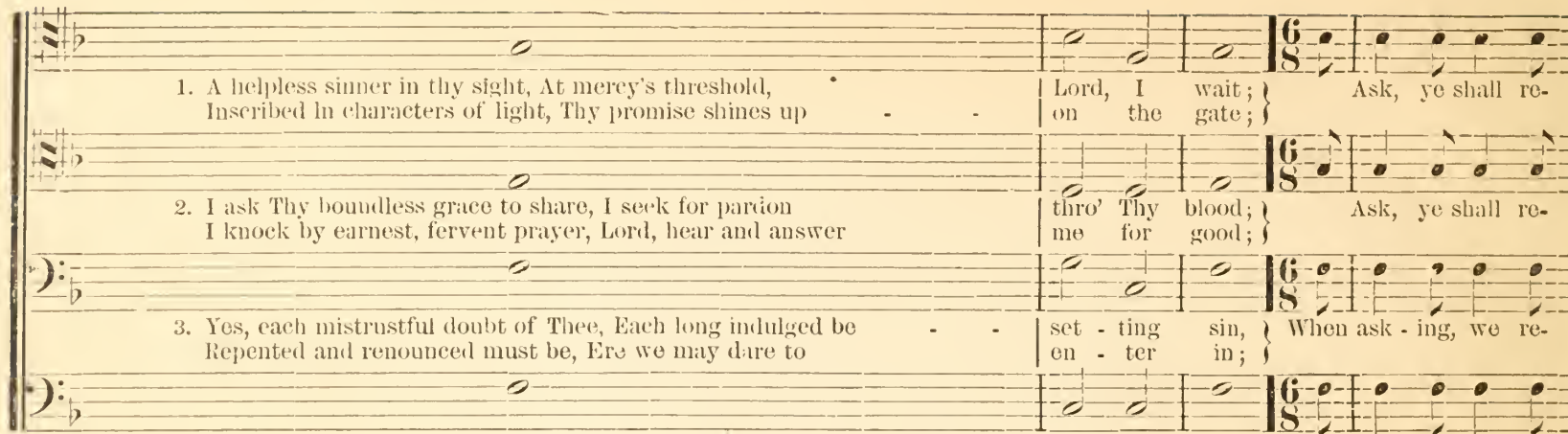
L. O. EMERSON.



1. Lord, I am thine, en-tire-ly thine; Purchased and saved by blood divine; With full consent I thine would be, And own thy sovereign right to me.

2. Here, O my Lord, my soul, my all, I yield to thee be-yond re-call; Ac-cept thine own, so long withheld, Ac-cept what I so free-ly give.

3. The hour is past be-yond re-peat; Now will I set the sol-enn seal; Thine would I live, thine would I die, Be thine thro' all e-ter-ni-ty.



1. A helpless sinner in thy sight, At mercy's threshold,
Inscribed in characters of light, Thy promise shines up

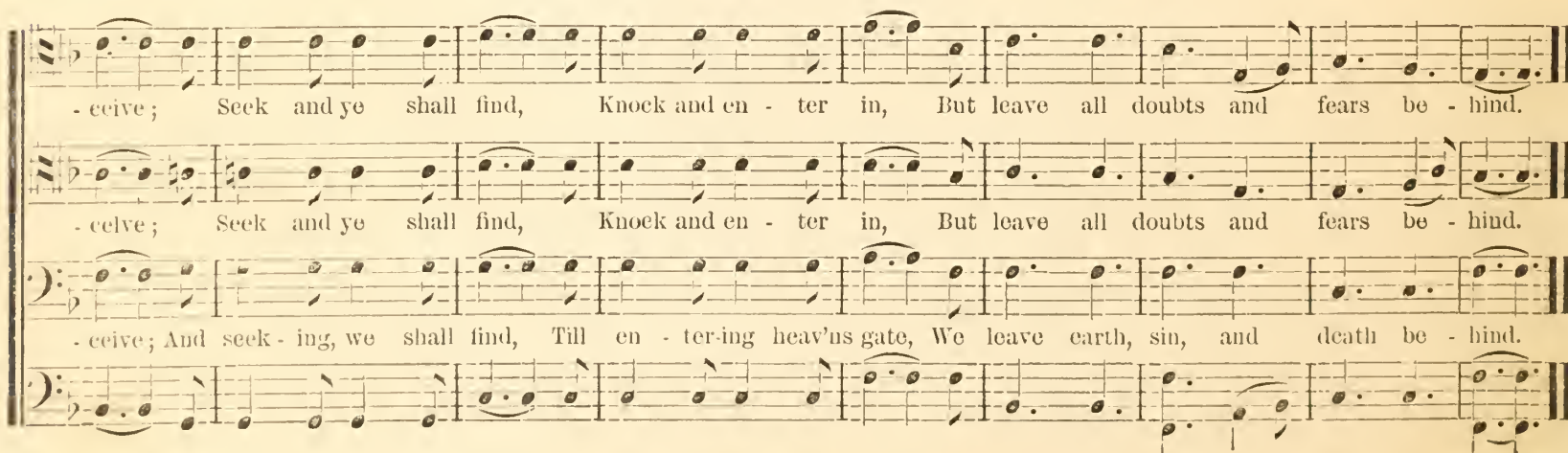
Lord, I wait; Ask, ye shall re-
on the gate;

2. I ask Thy boundless grace to share, I seek for pardon
I knock by earnest, fervent prayer, Lord, hear and answer

thro' Thy blood; Ask, ye shall re-
me for good;

3. Yes, each mistrustful doubt of Thee, Each long indulged be
Repented and renounced must be, Ere we may dare to

set - ting sin, When ask - ing, we re-
en - ter in;



- ceive; Seek and ye shall find, Knock and en - ter in, But leave all doubts and fears be - hind.

- ceive; Seek and ye shall find, Knock and en - ter in, But leave all doubts and fears be - hind.

- ceive; And seek - ing, we shall find, Till en - ter - ing heav'n's gate, We leave earth, sin, and death be - hind.

BREAST THE WAVE CHRISTIAN.

21

E.

1. Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest; On-ward and up-ward, still be thine en-deav-or; The

2. Fight the fight, Christian, Je-sus is o'er thee; Run the race, Christian, heav'n is before thee; He who hath prom-ised, fal-ter-eth nev-er; Oh,

3. Lift the eye, Christian, just as it clos-eth; Raise the head, Christian, ere it re-pos-eth; Nothing thy soul from the Sa-viour shall sev-er; Soon

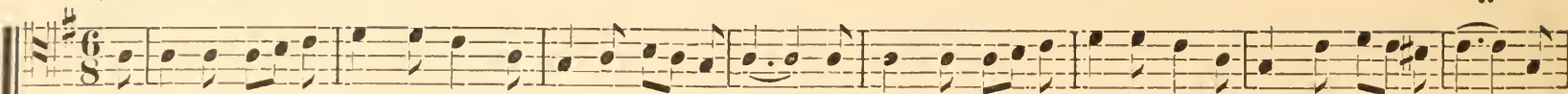
Refrain, to be sung or omitted.

rest that re-main-eth, en-dur-eth for-ev-er. Breast the wave, Breast the wave,..... The rest that re-main-eth en-dur-eth forever.

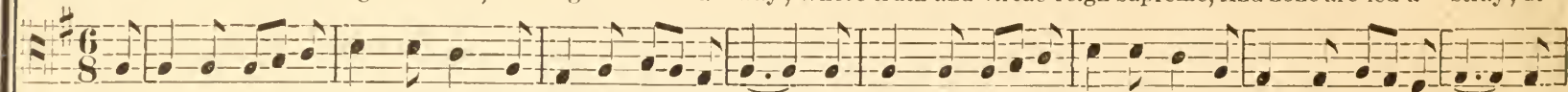
trust in the love that en-dur-eth for-ev-er. Breast the wave, Breast the wave, Oh, trust in the love that en-dur-eth forever.

shalt thou mount upward to praise him for-ev-er. Breast the wave, Breast the wave, Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him forever.

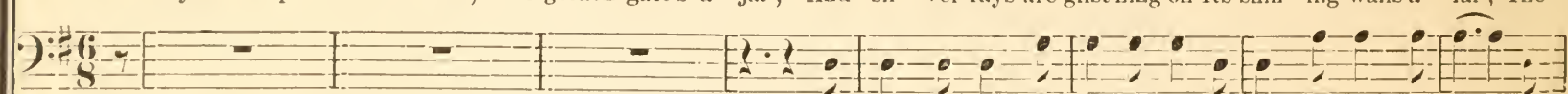
THERE IS AN EDEN BRIGHT AND FAIR.



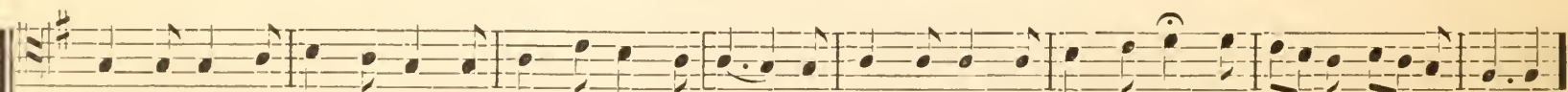
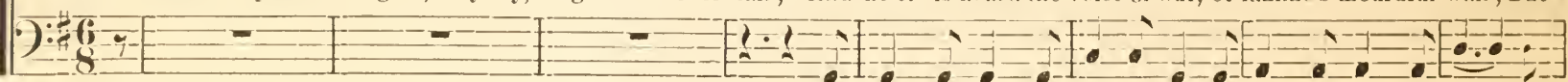
1. There is an E - den bright and fair, A kingdom far a - way ; Where truth and virtue reign supreme, And none are led a - stray ; It



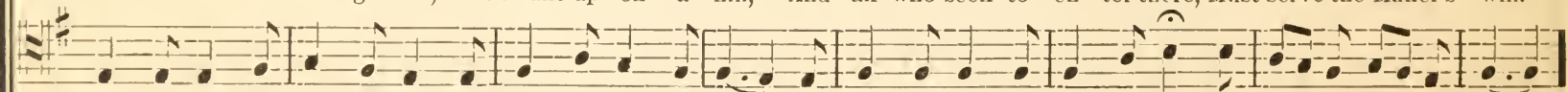
2. The way is o - pen to us all, The golden gate's a - jar ; And sil - ver rays are glist'ning on Its shin - ing walls a - far ; Tho



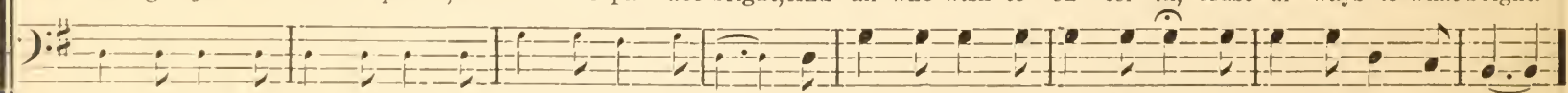
3. The streets are paved with gold, they say, Its gardens never fail ; And ne'er is heard the voice of war, Or famine's mournful wail ; But



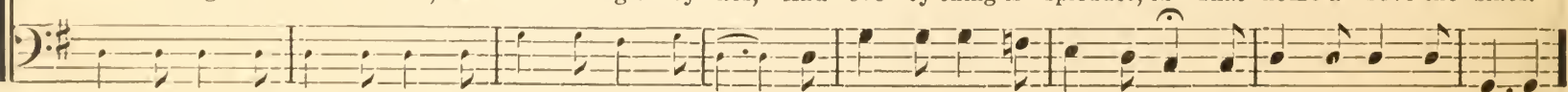
is an ev - er - lasting home, That's built up - on a hill, And all who seek to en - ter there, Must serve the Maker's will.



an - gels join in sweetest praise, With - in the pal - ace bright, And all who wish to en - ter in, Must al - ways do what's right.



on the right and on the left, A scene of glo - ry lies, And eve - ry thing is splendor, in That home a - bove the skies.



CHORUS.

There is an E - den bright and fair, A kingdom far a - way ; Where truth and virtue reign supreme, And none are led a - stray.

There is an E - den bright and fair, A kingdom far a - way ; Where truth and virtue reign supreme, And none are led a - stray.

There is an E - den bright and fair, A kingdom far a - way ; Where truth and virtue reign supreme, And none are led a - stray.

There is an E - den bright and fair, A kingdom far a - way ; Where truth and virtue reign supreme, And none are led a - stray.

THE TRUE CROSS

GEORGE COOPER.
Andante.

SONG OR QUARTET.

J. R. THOMAS.

1. No wreath of ro - ses, dew - y sweet, Shall lie before your wand'ring feet ! Your way must be thro' pain and loss, If

2. True cross, that bears no flow'rs to cheer ; O, wea - ry burden dark and drear ! Yet sweet the blessings while ye rove, Your

3. Tho' earthly hopes that cheer'd your way, In tears and anguish die to - day ; Tho' hearts ye love, the good, the tried, No

ye would bear your Saviour's cross! For dark and nar - row is the way That leads to realms of per - feet day! Then

Saviour's pure and precious love! Like balm it soothes the wea - ry soul, While round the stor - my bil - lows roll! Then

lon - ger linger by your side, Ye know the heavenly crown is won, Thro' paths which bear no flow'rs nor sun! Then

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The bottom two staves are in bass clef with the same key signature. The music is written in a common time signature (C). The lyrics are printed below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes.

fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow dim, Bear ye the cross that leads to Him! Bear ye the cross that leads to Him!

fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow dim, Bear ye the cross that leads to Him! Bear ye the cross that leads to Him!

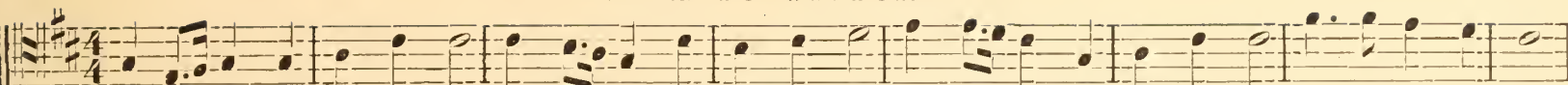
fal - ter not, tho' eyes grow dim, Bear ye the cross that leads to Him! Bear ye the cross that leads to Him!

The second system of the musical score also consists of four staves, maintaining the same musical notation as the first system. The lyrics are repeated for each staff, with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3' above the first staff. The final staff of the system ends with a double bar line.

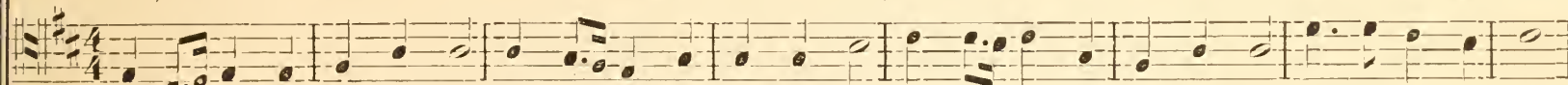
CALL TO VICTORY.

L. O. E.

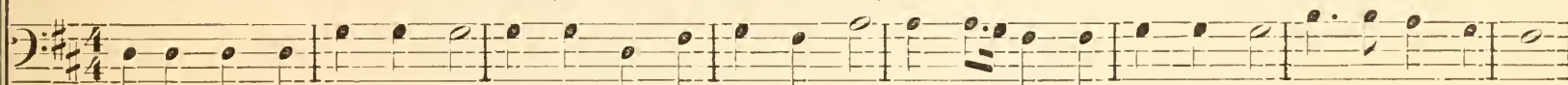
25



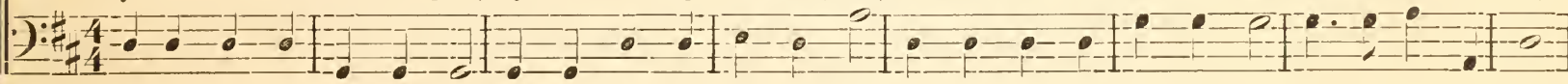
1. Saints, for whom the Saviour bled, In your Captain's footsteps tread; Fol - low Je - sus, and be led On to vic - to - ry!



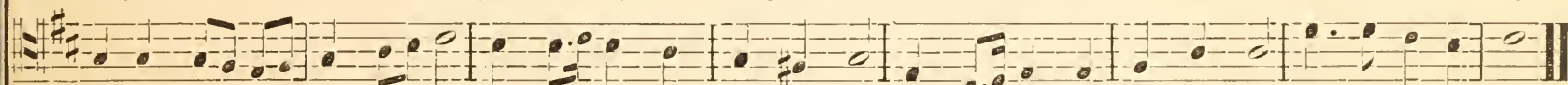
2. Chris - tian sol - dier, on with me! Soon your en - e - mies must flee; Your re - ward be - fore you see, Sparkling from on high!



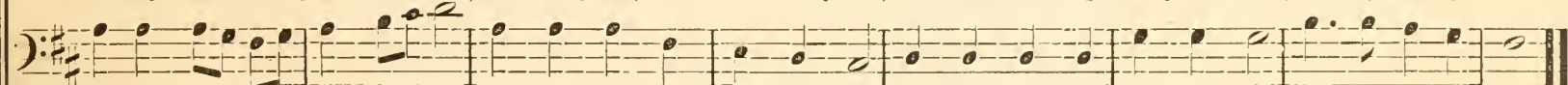
3. By the ran - som which he gave, By his tri - umph o'er the grave, Trust His migh - ty power to save, Firm and faith - ful be;



See your foe - man take the ground, While the sig - nal trumpets sound, Hear his ac - cents pour a - round, Cheering melo - dy.



Bold - ly take the glo - rious field; You may fall, but must not yield; You shall write up - on your shield, Victory! tho' you die.



And when death's dark hour is nigh, When the tear - drop dims the eye, You, shall in the part - ing sigh, Grasp the Vic - to - ry!



1. Rock of A - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee; Let the wa - - ter and the

2. Could my tears for-ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan - guor know, This for sin could not at -

3. While I draw this fleeting breath, When my eye - lids close in death, When I rise to worlds un -

blood, From thy side a heal - ing flood, Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

- tone, Thou must save, and thou a - lone; In my hand no price I bring, Simp - ly to the cross I cling.

- known, And be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

27

1. Hark! hark! my soul, an - gel - ic, songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and o - cean's wave-beat shore; . . .

2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come."

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing, Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

And through the dark its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing; The mu - sic of the gos - pel leads us home.

CHORUS.

Angels of Je - sus, Angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels of Je - sus, Angels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing.
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
- CHORUS.**
- 4 Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
- CHORUS.**
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping:
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above,
Till morning's joys shall end the night of weeping.
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.
- CHORUS.**

PASSING AWAY.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Passing a - way ! 'Tis told by the dew-drops that sparkles at morn, And when the noon cometh, are gone, ev - er gone ;

2. Passing a - way ! 'Tis written on flowers that bloom at our side, Then wither away in their glo - ry and pride ;

3. Passing a - way ! 'Tis sighed by the leaves when the chill autumn breeze Tears rudely their hold from the wind-shaken trees ;

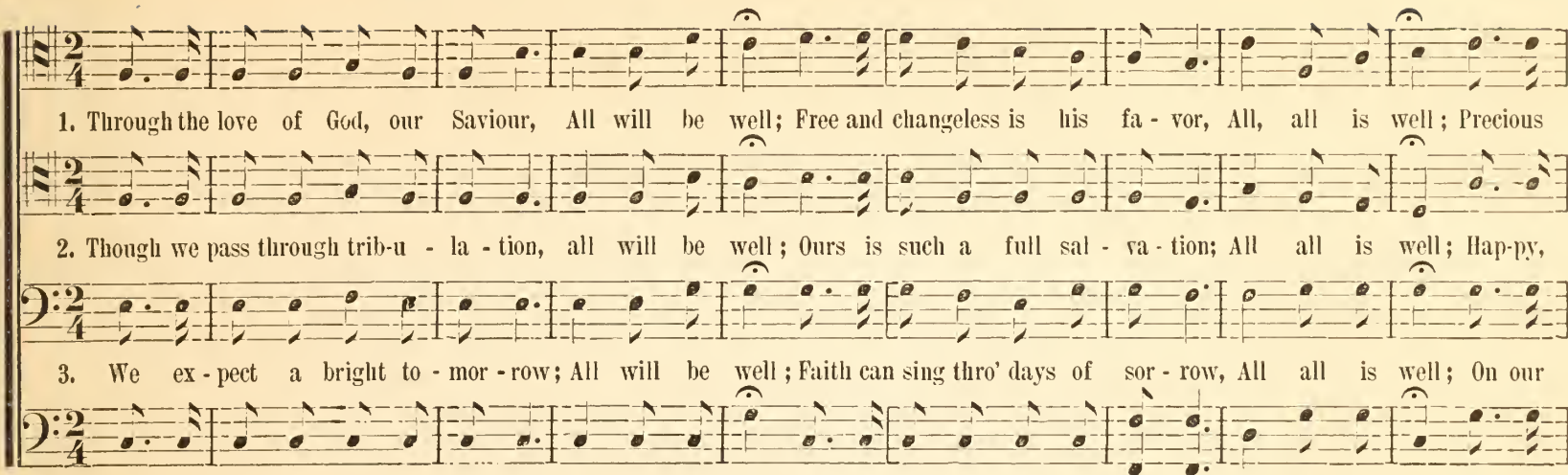
4. Passing a - way ! The dear ones we loved in our youth's happy morn, Now gone to that bourne whence none can re - turn ;

They all in their diamond-like glit - ter-ing say, Man's life, like our radiance, is passing a-way, Away, a-way, Passing a - way.

Tho' speechless, they warn us each hour of the day, Man's life, like our bloom, is fast passing a-way, Away, a-way, Passing a - way.

They whisper alike to the youthful and gay, Man's life, like our autumn leaf, passeth a-way, Away, a-way, Passeth a - way.

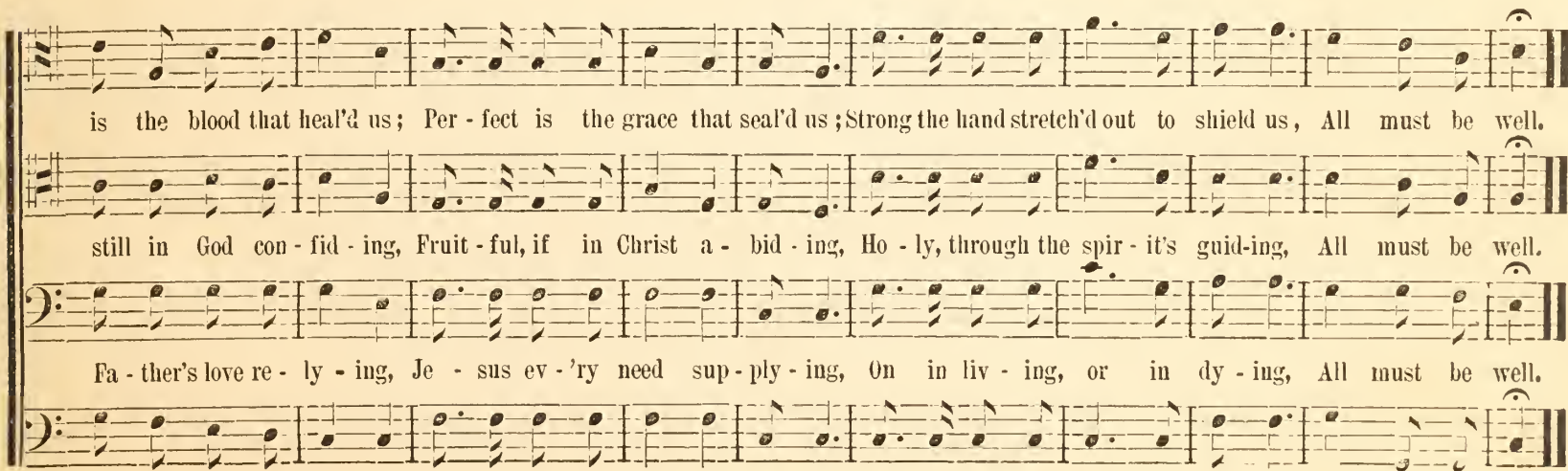
Speak gently unto us, O ! list while ye may, Man's short life is passing, is passing a-way, Away, a-way, Passing a - way.



1. Through the love of God, our Saviour, All will be well; Free and changeless is his fa - vor, All, all is well; Precious

2. Though we pass through trib-u - la - tion, all will be well; Ours is such a full sal - va - tion; All all is well; Hap-py,

3. We ex - pect a bright to - mor - row; All will be well; Faith can sing thro' days of sor - row, All all is well; On our



is the blood that heal'd us; Per - fect is the grace that seal'd us; Strong the hand stretch'd out to shield us, All must be well.

still in God con - fid - ing, Fruit - ful, if in Christ a - bid - ing, Ho - ly, through the spir - it's guid-ing, All must be well.

Fa - ther's love re - ly - ing, Je - sus ev - 'ry need sup - ply - ing, On in liv - ing, or in dy - ing, All must be well.

MAY THE GRACE OF CHRIST, OUR SAVIOUR.

SOLO.

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spirit's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from above.

DUET.

Thus may we a - bide in u - nion, With each other and the Lord ; And possess in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot af - ford.

And possess in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot af - ford.

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spirit's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.

May the grace of Christ, our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Ho - ly Spirit's fa - vor, Rest up - on us from a - bove.

Slowly, and with expression.

And be ye kind one to a - nother, Ten-der-hearted, for - giv - ing one a - nother, Ev'n as God, for Christ's sake, hath for -

Ten-der-hearted, for - giv - ing one a - nother, Ev'n as God, for Christ's sake, hath for -

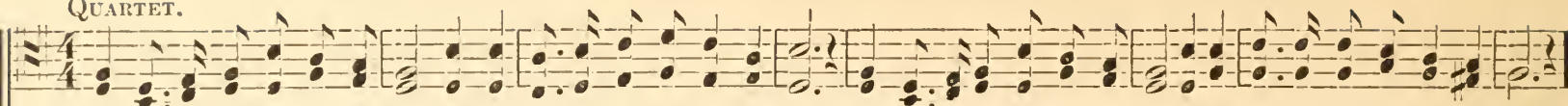
Ev'n as God, for Christ's sake, hath for -

- giv - en you, And be.... ye kind, ten-der-hearted, for - giv-ing, Ev'n as God for Christ's sake, hath for - giv - en you.

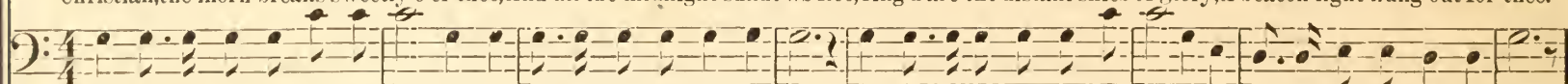
- giv - en you, And be.... ye kind, ten-der-hearted, for - giv-ing, Ev'n as God for Christ's sake, hath for - giv - en you.

- giv - en you, And be.... ye kind, ten-der-hearted, for - giv-ing, Ev'n as God for Christ's sake, hath for - giv - en you.

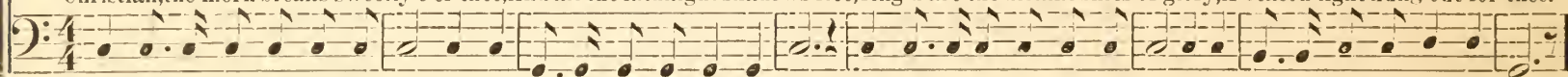
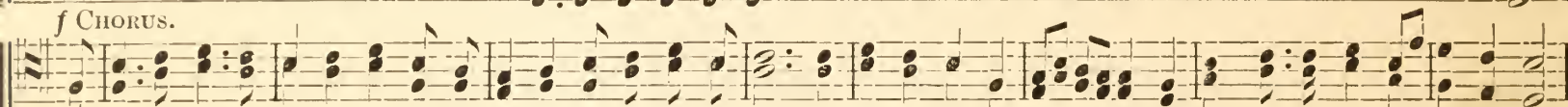
QUARTET.



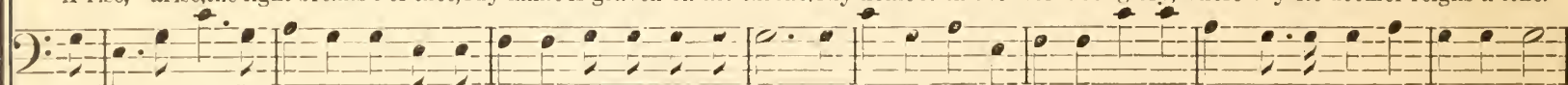
Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee; Ting'd are the distant skies of glory, A beacon light hung out for thee.



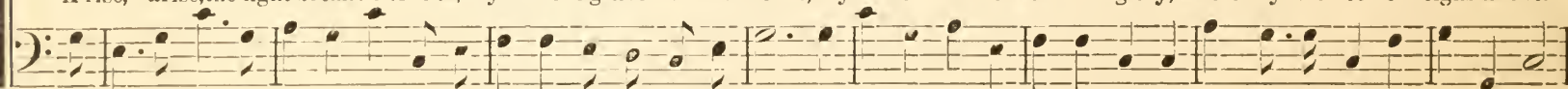
Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o'er thee, And all the midnight shadows flee; Ting'd are the distant skies of glory, A beacon light hung out for thee.

*f* CHORUS.

A-rise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on his throne, Thy home is in the world of glory, Where thy Re-deemer reigns a-lone.



A-rise, arise, the light breaks o'er thee, Thy name is graven on his throne, Thy home is in the world of glory, Where thy Re-deemer reigns a-lone.

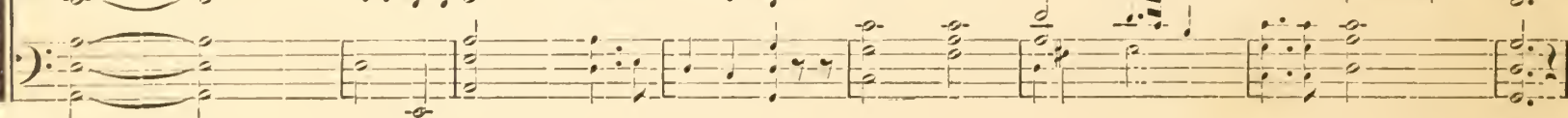
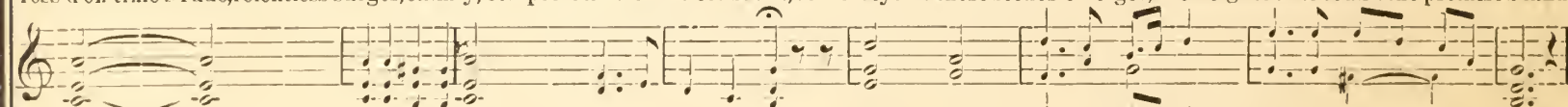


Tenors in unison.

slight rall.



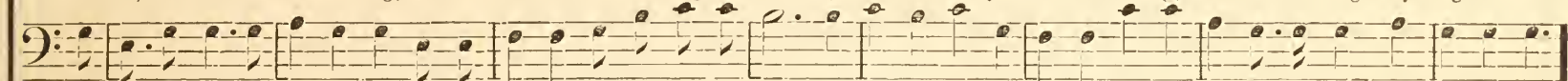
Toss'd on time's rude, relentless surges, Calmly, compos'd and dauntless stand, For lo! beyond those scenes emerges, The heights that bound the promised land.



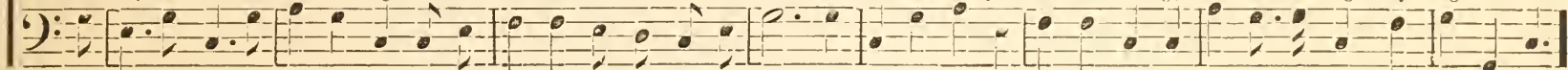
CHORUS.



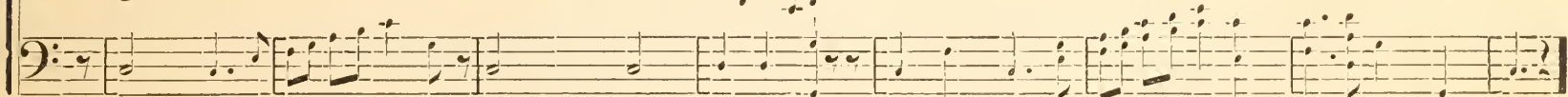
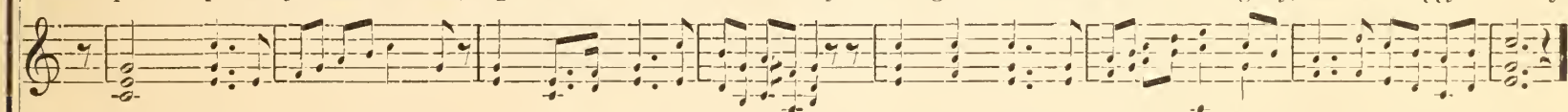
Behold, behold! the land is nearing, Where the wild sea-stream's rage is o'er; Hark, how the heav'nly hosts are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore.



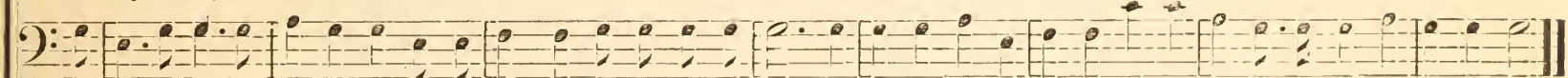
Behold, behold! the land is nearing, Where the wild sea-stream's rage is o'er; Hark, how the heav'nly hosts are cheering, See in what throngs they range the shore.

*f* TENORS & BASSES.

Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o'er thee, Bright as the summer's noon-tide ray, The star gemm'd crowns and realms of glory, Invite the happy soul away.

*f* CHORUS.

A-way, a-way, leave all for glory, Thy name is graven on his throne, Thy home is in the world of glory, Where thy Redeemer reigns a-lone.



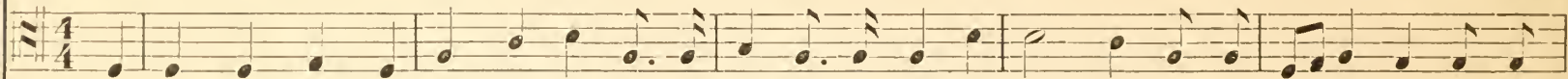
A-way, a-way, leave all for glory, Thy name is graven on his throne, Thy home is in the world of glory, Where thy Redeemer reigns a-lone.



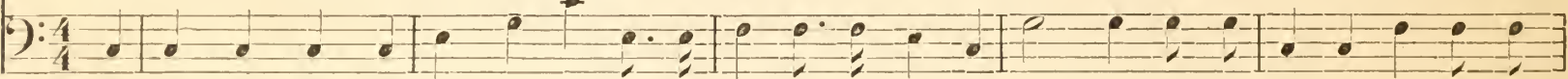
WE MARCH, WE MARCH TO VICTORY.

*"He went forth, conquering and to conquer."*

We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing



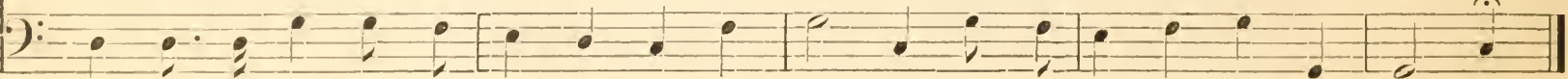
We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the Lord be - fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing

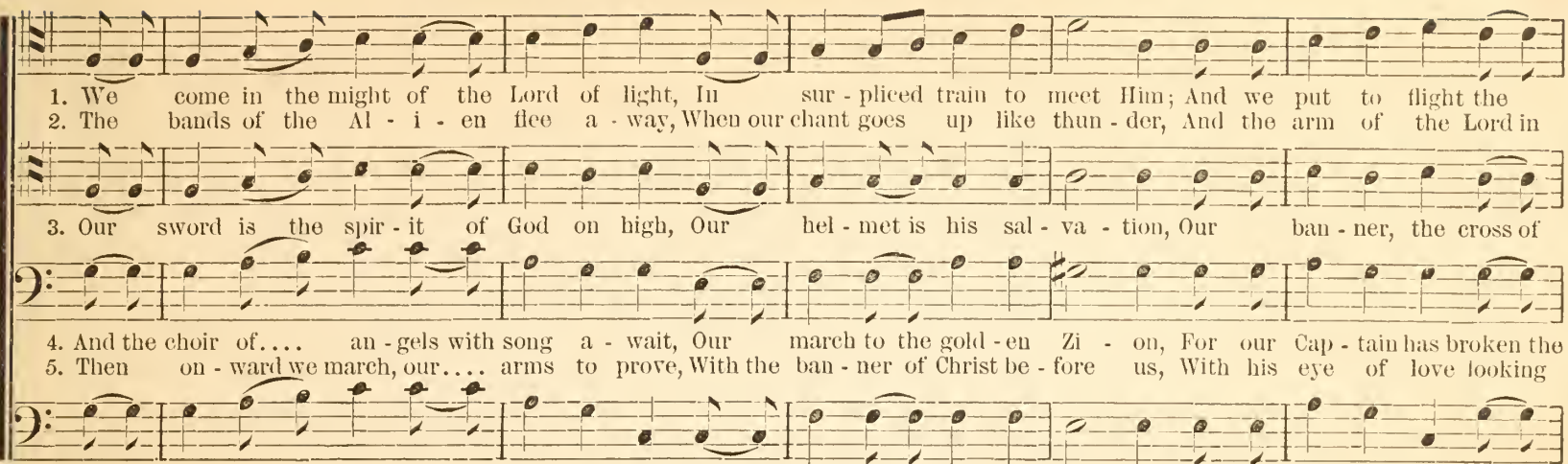


down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.



down from the sky, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

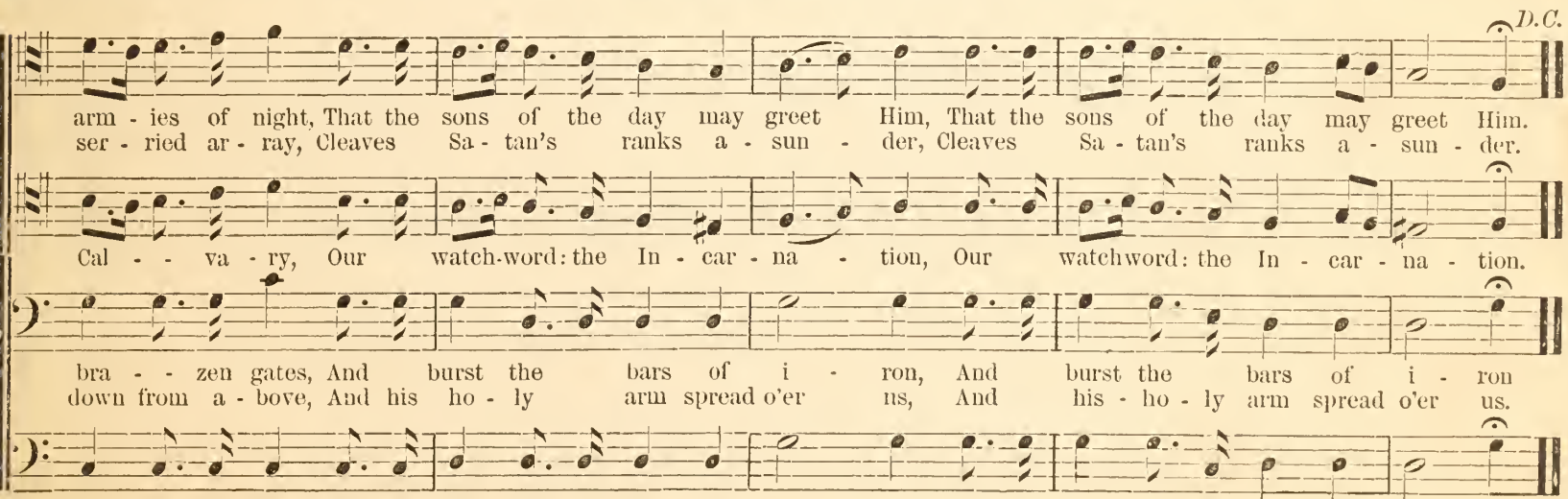




1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, In sur-pliced train to meet Him; And we put to flight the
 2. The bands of the Al - i - en flee a - way, When our chant goes up like thun - der, And the arm of the Lord in

3. Our sword is the spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is his sal - va - tion, Our ban - ner, the cross of

4. And the choir of... an - gels with song a - wait, Our march to the gold - en Zi - on, For our Cap - tain has broken the
 5. Then on - ward we march, our.... arms to prove, With the ban - ner of Christ be - fore us, With his eye of love looking



arm - ies of night, That the sons of the day may greet Him, That the sons of the day may greet Him.
 ser - ried ar - ray, Cleaves Sa - tan's ranks a - sun - der, Cleaves Sa - tan's ranks a - sun - der.

Cal - - va - ry, Our watch-word: the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword: the In - car - na - tion.

bra - - zen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron
 down from a - bove, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, And his - ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

Moderato.

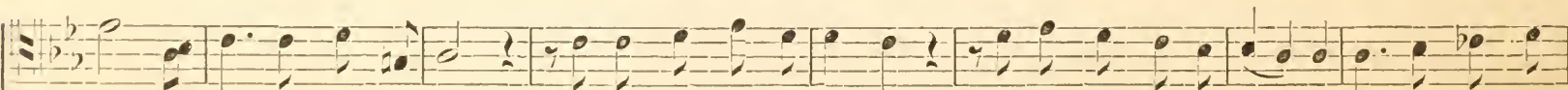
1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe is such con-fid - ing, For noth-ing changes
 2. Where ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back, My shepherd is be - side me, And noth-ing can I



1. In heavenly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such con-fid - ing, For nothing changes



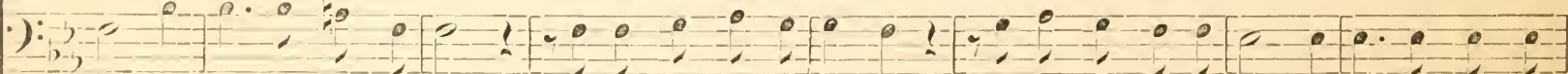
2. Where ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back, My Shep- herd is be- side me, And noth - ing can I



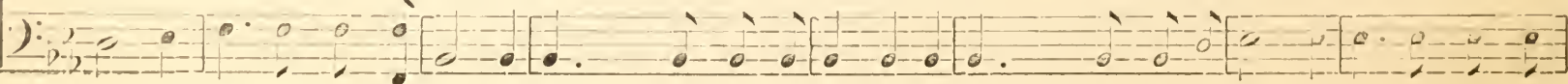
here, For noth - ing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is 'round a -
 lack. And noth - ing can I lack. His wis - dom e - ver wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way He



here, For noth - ing changes here, The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is 'round a -



lack, And noth - ing can I lack, His wis - - dom ev - er wak eth, His sight is nev - er dim, He knows the way He



IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING. Concluding.

37

ad lib.

- bout me, But God is round a - bout me, But God is round a - bout me, And can I, can I, be dismayed.
tak - eth, He knows the way He tak - eth, He knows the way He tak - eth, And I, I, shall walk with Him.

- bout me, But God is 'round a - bout me, But God is 'round a - bout me, And can I, can I be dismayed.
tak - eth, He knows the way He tak - eth, He knows the way He tak - eth, And I, I shall walk with Him.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

CYPRESS. C. M.

L. O. E.

1. If I must die, O! let me die With hope in Jes - us' blood, The blood that saves from sin and guilt, And re - con - ciles to God.

2. If I must die, Then let me die In peace with all mankind And change the fleet - ing joys be low, For pleasure all refined.

3. If I must die, And die I shall, Let some kind ser - aph come And bear me on his friend - ly wing To my ce - les - tial home.

JESUS, OUR SHELTER.



1. When thro' the torn sail the wild tem - pest is streaming, When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,



2. O Jes - us, once toss'd on the breast of the bil - lows, A - rous'd by the shriek of de - spair from the pil - lows,



3. And oh! when the whirl - wind of pas - sion is rag - ing, When sin in our hearts its wild war - fare is wag - ing,



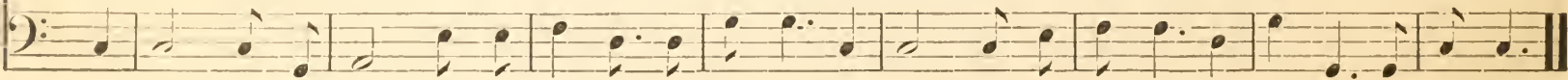
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor sea - men to cher - ish, We fly to our Ma - ker,--help, Lord, or we per - ish!



Now, seat - ed in glo - ry, the mar - i - ner cher - ish, Who cries in his dan - ger, -help, Lord, or we per - ish!



A - rise in Thy strength, Thy re - deem - ed to cher - ish, Re - buke the de - stroy - er,--help, Lord, or we per - ish!

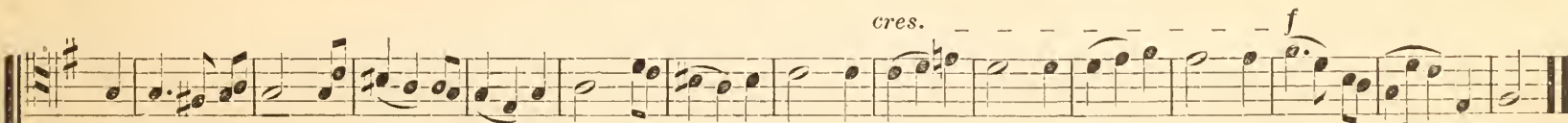




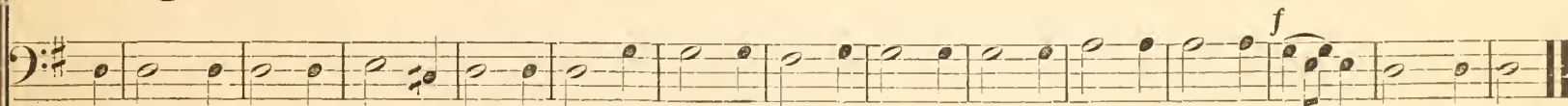
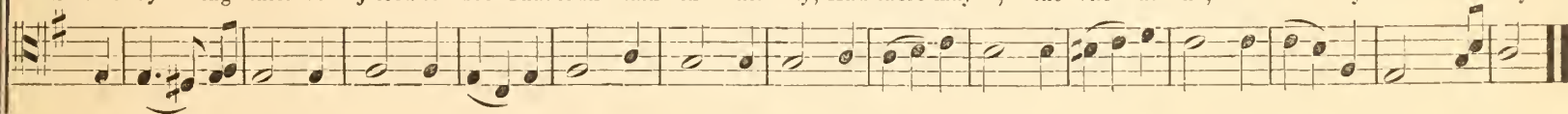
1. There is a foun-tain fill'd with blood, Drawn from E-man-u-el's veins; And sin-ners plunged be-neath that flood Lose all their guilt-y stains.



3. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flow-ing wounds sup-ply, Re-deem-ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.



2. The dy-ing thief re-joiced to see That foun-tain in his day, And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.



4. And when this fee-ble, stam'ring tongue, Lies si-lent in the grave, Then in a no-bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing Thy power to save.



CROSS AND CROWN! OH SWEET THE STORY.

L. O. E.

1. Cross and crown! Oh sweet the sto - ry That ye breathe un - to us now! 'Round us beams our Sa - viour's

2. Cross and crown! Ye lead us kind - ly In the ways of love and light! Where thou art we fol - low

3. Cross and crown ! Ye bring be - fore us Vis - ions of our Saviour's pain ! 'Round ye falls the an - gels'

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is simple and consists of several measures, some of which are marked with a 'V' above the staff, indicating a vocal entry or a specific musical phrase. The notes are mostly quarter and eighth notes, with some rests. The overall style is that of a traditional folk song.

glo - ry, While be - fore His throne we bow! Life and light of all our liv - ing! Com - fort in our nights of

blind - ly, Trust - ing in thy heav'n - ly might! Still on thee we look while sor - row Falls up - on our earth - ly

cho - rus, In our hearts He lives a - gain! Still on thee, in grief re - ly - ing, Tho' the storms of earth may

woe! All our love and praise re - ceiv - ing, All our hope and joy be - low! Cross and Crown! Oh sweet the

way! Faith shall wear the crown to - mor - row, Tho' it bears the cross to - day! Cross and Crown! Oh sweet the

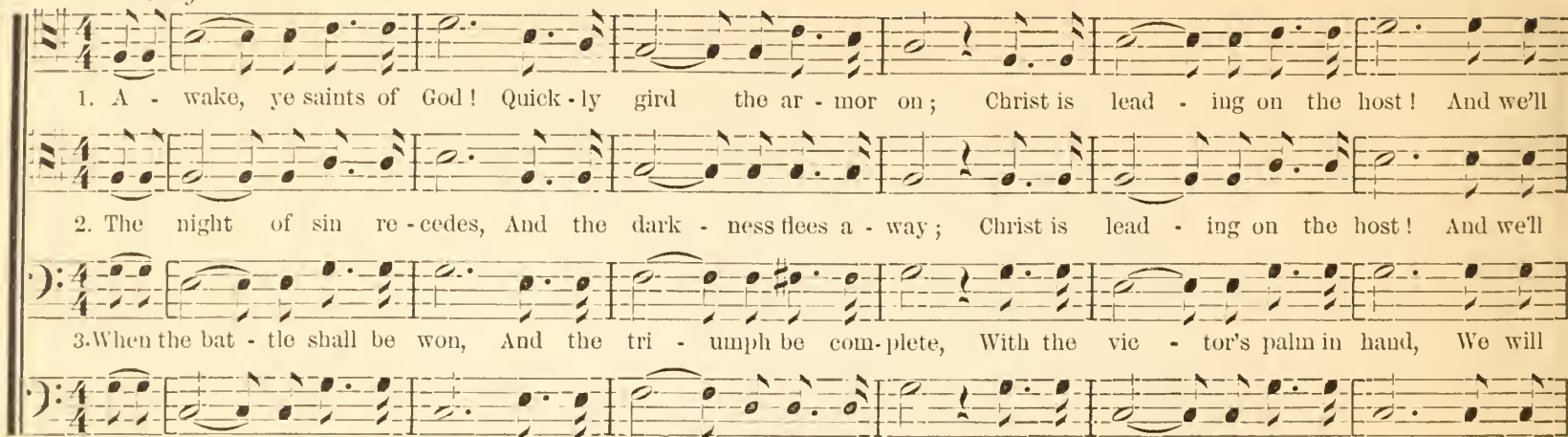
hover, In the light of heav'n un - dy - ing, Thro' the Cross we gain the Crown! Cross and Crown! Oh sweet the

sto - ry That ye breathe un - to us now! 'Round ye beams our Sa-viour's glo - ry, While be - fore His throne we bow.

sto - ry That ye breathe un - to us now! 'Round ye beams our Sa-viour's glo - ry, While be - fore His throne we bow.

sto - ry That ye breathe un - to us now! 'Round ye beams our Sa-viour's glo - ry, While be - fore His throne we bow.

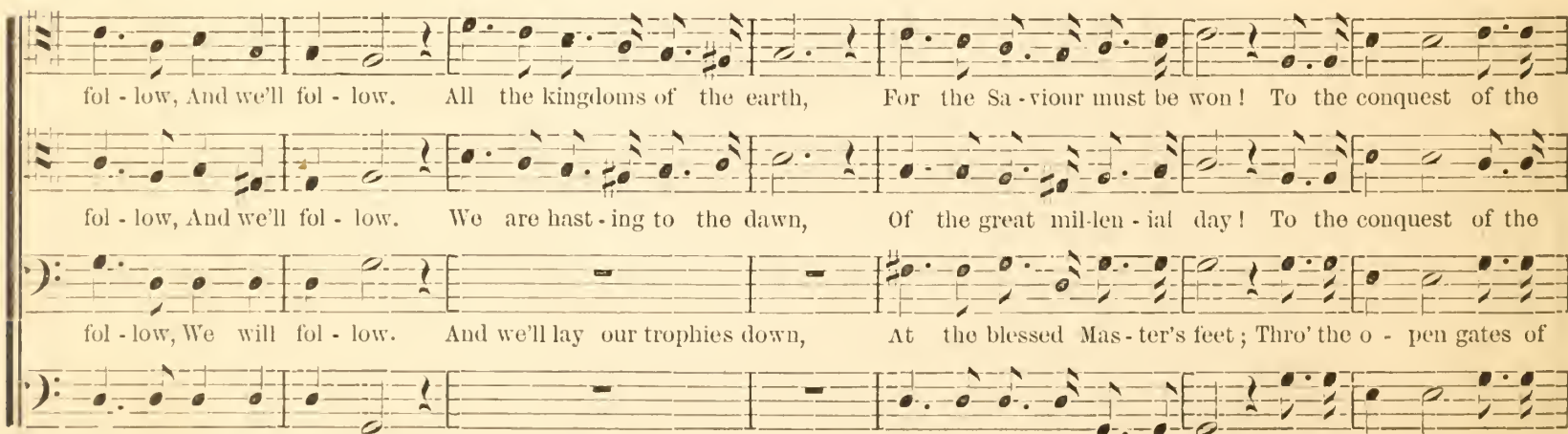
CHRIST IS LEADING, AND WE'LL FOLLOW.



1. A - wake, ye saints of God! Quick - ly gird the ar - mor on; Christ is lead - ing on the host! And we'll

2. The night of sin re - cedes, And the dark - ness flees a - way; Christ is lead - ing on the host! And we'll

3. When the bat - tle shall be won, And the tri - umph be com - plete, With the vic - tor's palm in hand, We will



fol - low, And we'll fol - low. All the kingdoms of the earth, For the Sa - viour must be won! To the conquest of the

fol - low, And we'll fol - low. We are hast - ing to the dawn, Of the great mil - len - ial day! To the conquest of the

fol - low, We will fol - low. And we'll lay our trophies down, At the blessed Mas - ter's feet; Thro' the o - pen gates of

CHRIST IS LEADING, AND WE'LL FOLLOW. Concluded.

43

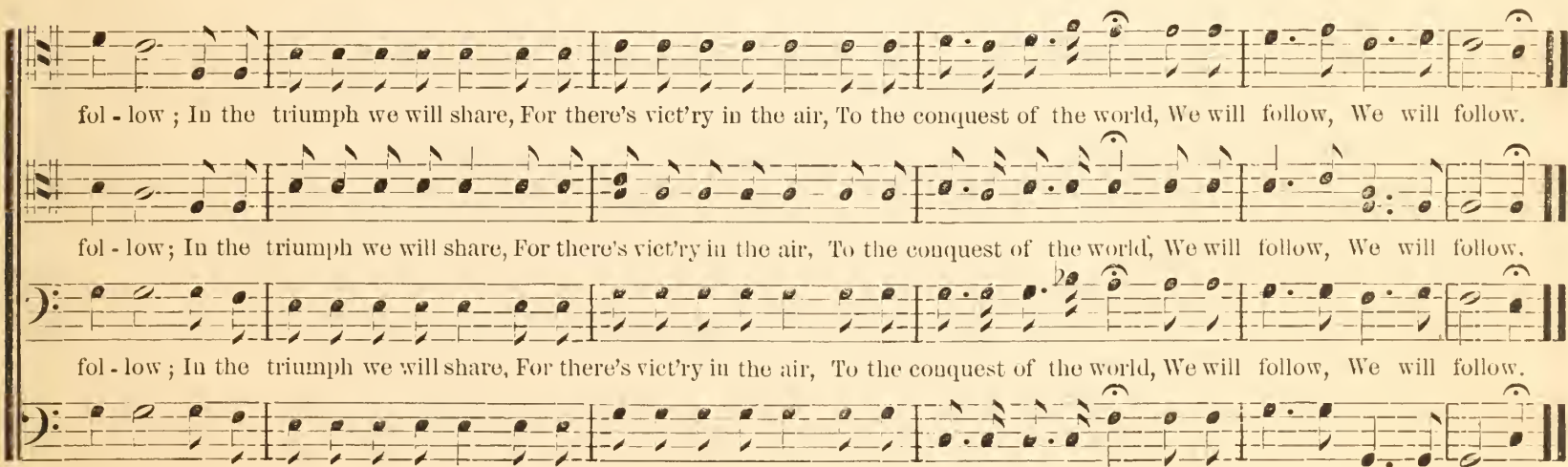
CHORUS.



world, We will fol - low, We will fol - low. He is lead - ing on the host! And we'll fol - low, And we'll

world, We will fol - low, We will fol - low. He is lead - ing on the host! And we'll fol - low, And we'll

heav'n, We will fol - low, We will fol - low. He is lead - ing on the host! And we'll fol - low, And we'll



fol - low; In the triumph we will share, For there's vict'ry in the air, To the conquest of the world, We will follow, We will follow.

fol - low; In the triumph we will share, For there's vict'ry in the air, To the conquest of the world, We will follow, We will follow.

fol - low; In the triumph we will share, For there's vict'ry in the air, To the conquest of the world, We will follow, We will follow.

JERUSALEM, MY HAPPY HOME.

SOLO.

DUET.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee! When shall my labors have an end? Thy joys when shall I see?

2. No sun, no moon, in borrowed light Revolve thine hours a - way; The Lamb on Calvary's mountain slain, Is thy e - ter - nal day.

3. From ev - 'ry eye he wipes the tear, All sighs and sor - rows cease; No more al - ter - nate hope and fear, But ev - er - last - ing peace.

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home, How do I sigh for thee!

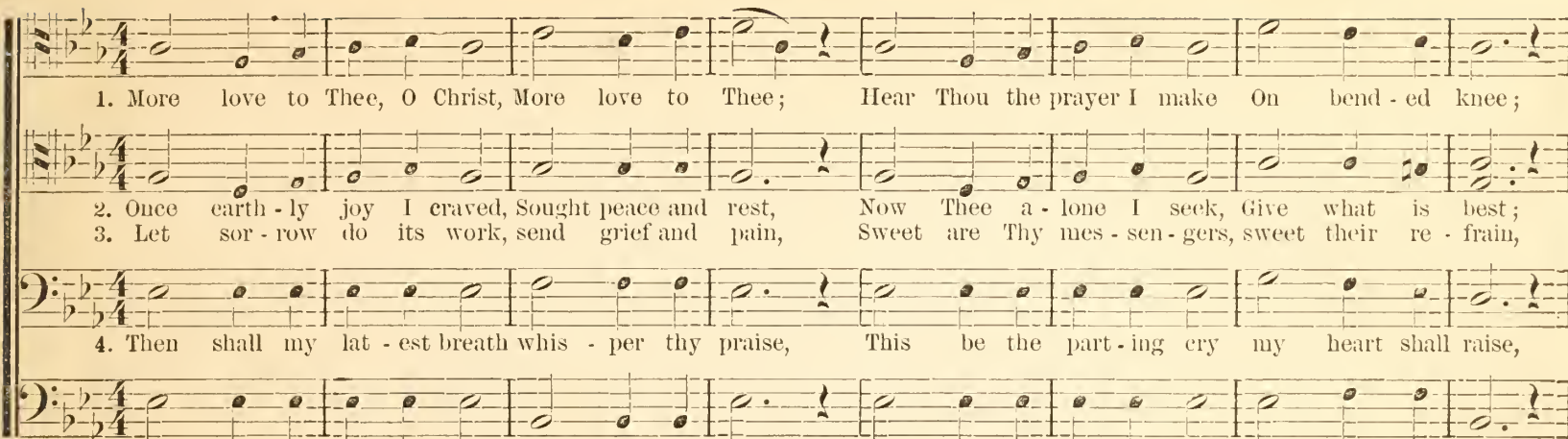
CHORUS.

Je - ru - sa - lem, Je - ru - sa - lem, How do I sigh for thee! How do I sigh for thee!

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST.

45

MRS. E. PRENTISS.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee; Hear Thou the prayer I make On bend - ed knee;

2. Once earth - ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest, Now Thee a - lone I seek, Give what is best;

3. Let sor - row do its work, send grief and pain, Sweet are Thy mes - sen - gers, sweet their re - frain,

4. Then shall my lat - est breath whis - per thy praise, This be the part - ing cry my heart shall raise,



This is my earn - est plea, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, more love to Thee.

This all my prayer, shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, more love to Thee.
When they can sing with me More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, more love to Thee.

This still its prayer shall be, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, more love to Thee.

CHRIST THE FOUNTAIN.

L. O. E.

1. Lo! a Fount - - - ain stands to - day,..... Where we see..... both sin and strife..... And it
 2. Lo! the Fount - - - ain flows for thee,..... Seek - ing now..... thy soul to gain,..... And its
 3. Thus the Fount - - - ain, in its flow,..... Ev - er seeks..... thy soul to save,..... That ye

1. Lo! a Fount - ain stands to - day, Where we see both sin and strife,
 2. Lo! the Fount - ain flows for thee, Seek - ing now thy soul to gain,
 3. Thus the Fount - ain in its flow, Ev - er seeks thy soul to save,

flows..... to wash a - way,..... Scar-let sins from ev - 'ry life. } 1. Bless - ed Fount..... of grace and
 wa - - - ters, pure and free,..... Takes a - way each crim-son stain. } 2. Bless - ed Fount..... of love su -
 may..... re - demp - tion know,..... By the life..... He free-ly gave. }

And it flows to wash away Scar - let sins from ev - 'ry life. 3. Bless - ed Fount..... of grace and
 And its waters pure and free, Takes a - way each crimson stain.
 That ye may re-demption know, By the life He free-ly gave. Bless-ed Fount
 Bless-ed Fount
 Bless-ed Fount

love,..... Flow-ing from..... the throne a - bove,..... Bless - ed Fount..... of grace and love, Flow - ing
 preme,..... Love that wait - - eth to re-deem,..... Bless - ed Fount..... of love su-preme, Love that

love,..... Source of per - - feet life a - bove,..... Bless - ed Fount..... of grace and love, Source of

of grace and love,
 of love su-preme, Flowing from the throne a-bove,
 Love that wait eth to redeem, Bless - ed Fount Bless - ed Fount of grace and love,
 of love su-preme,

of grace and love, Source of per - - feet life a - bove, Bless - ed Fount of grace and love,

pp REFRAIN. *p* *rit.*

from..... the throne a - bove. Christ is the Fountain, Christ is the Fount-ain, He who drinks, for-ev - er lives.
 wait - - eth to re-deem.

per - - feet life a - bove. Christ is the Fount-ain, Christ is the Fount-ain. He who krinks for-ev - er lives.

pp

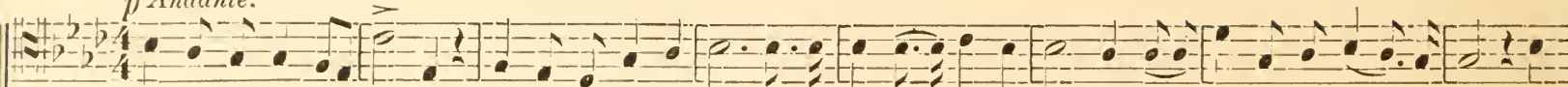
Flow - ing from the Throne a - bove. Christ is the Fount-ain, Christ is the Fount-ain, He who drinks for-ev - er lives,
 Love that waiteth to re-deem.

Source of per-feet life a - bove.

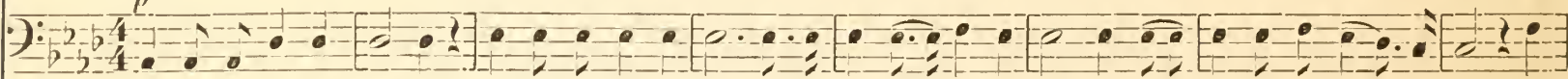
CALLEST THOU THUS, OH MASTER!

HELEN MARION BURNSIDE.

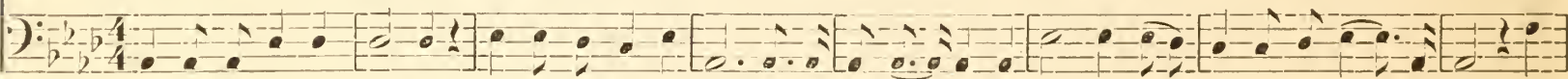
L. O. E.

p Andante.

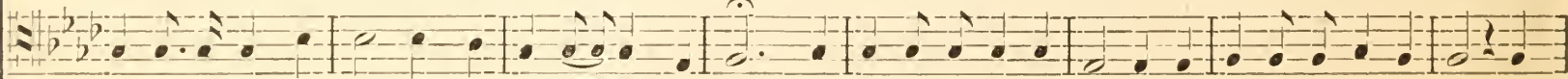
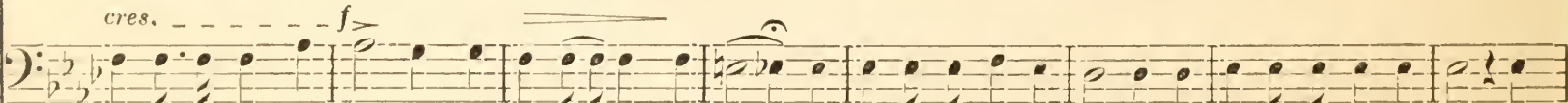
1. Call-est thou thus, oh Master! Call-est thou thus to me? I am wea-ry and heavy la - den, And longing to come to thee; And

*p*

2. Call-est thou thus, oh Master! Call-est thou thus to me? When my untrim'd lamp is dy - ing, And my house is not meet for thee; For

*cres.**f*

out in the lone - ly dark-ness Thy dear voice sounds so sweet, But I am not worthy, Mas - ter, Not worthy to kiss thy feet, But

*cres.**f*

thou art so great and ho - ly, And mine is so poor a home, And I am not worthy, Mas - ter, Not worthy that thou should'st come, And



cres.

I am not worthy, Mas - ter, Not wor-thy to kiss thy feet. "Child," said the gracious Mas - ter, Why turn-est thou thus a - way, When I

cres.

I am not worthy, Mas - ter, Not worthy that thou should'st come. "Child," said the gracious Mas-ter, And his voice was ve - ry sweet, "I

dim. *p* *rit. dim.*

come thro' the darkness, seeking My sheep who have gone a - stray ? I knew thou wert heavy la - den, I knew thou had'st need of me. And the

dim. *p* *rit. dim.*

on - ly ask for a welcome, And rest for my wea-ry feet." Then o - ver my low - ly threshohd, So dark and de-filed by sin, Though

CALLEST THOU THUS, OH MASTER! Concluded.

pp *rit e dim.*

feet of thy loving Master, Are weary thro' seeking thee, And the feet of thy loving Master, Are wea-ry thro' seek-ing thee.

pp *rit e dim.*

I am not worthy, Master, I pray thee to en-ter in, Tho' I am not worthy, Master, I pray thee to en-ter in,

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

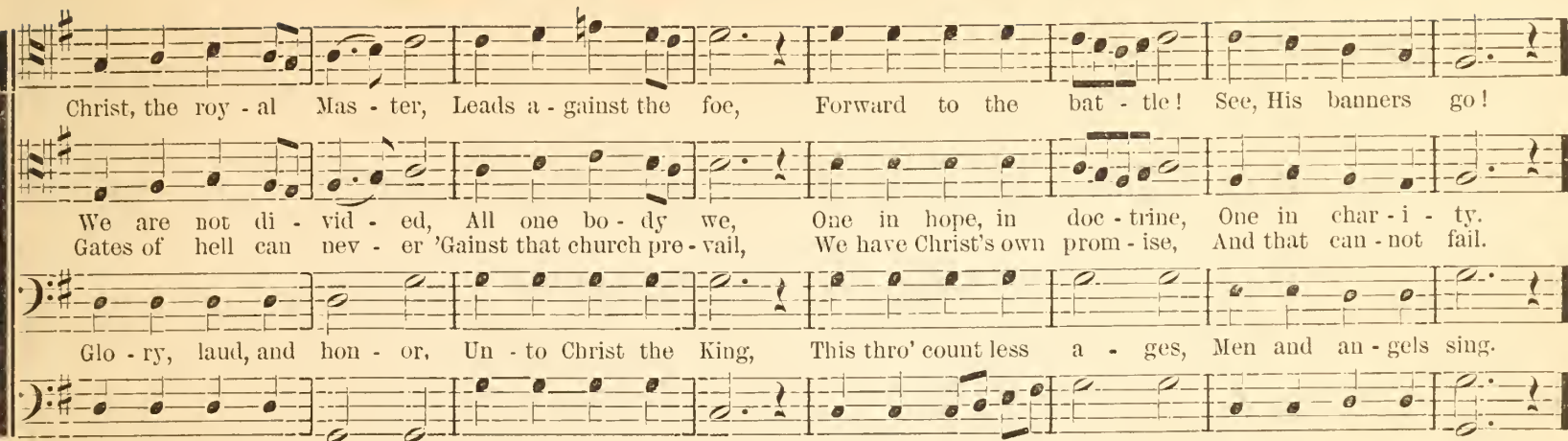
REV. S. B. GOULD.

1. On - ward, Christian sol - diers, March - ing as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

2. Like a migh - ty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod.

3. Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of Je - sus Con - stant will re - main.

4. On - ward, then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your voi - ces, In the tri - umph song,

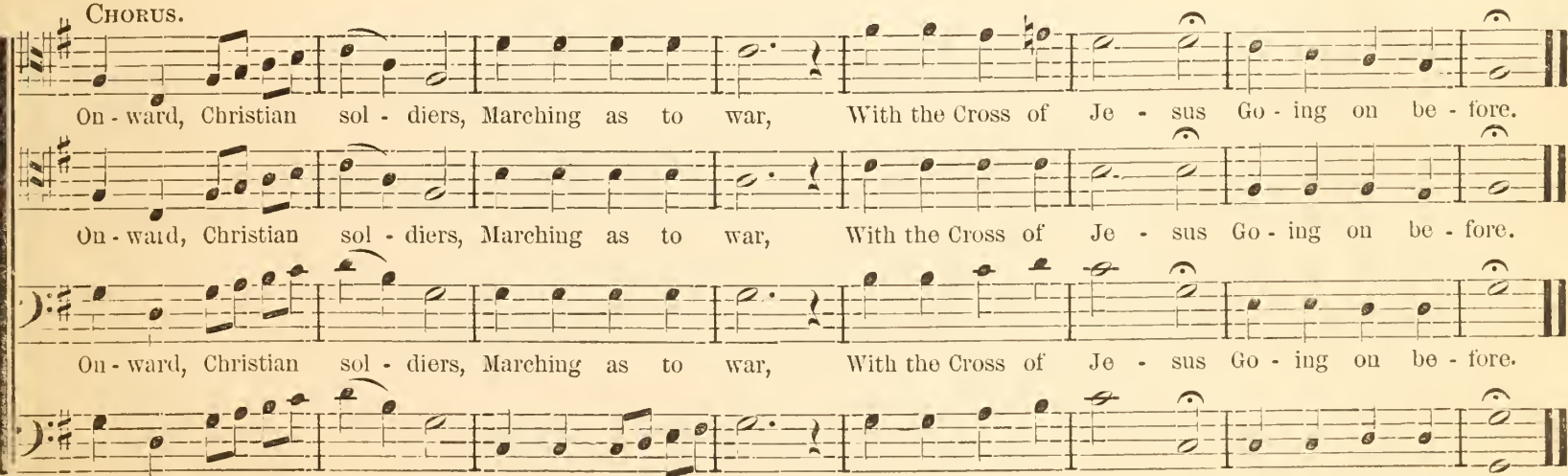


Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter, Leads a - gainst the foe, Forward to the bat - tle! See, His banners go!

We are not di - vid - ed, All one bo - dy we, One in hope, in doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Gates of hell can nev - er 'Gainst that church pre - vail, We have Christ's own prom - ise, And that can - not fail.

Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or, Un - to Christ the King, This thro' count less a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.



On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

On - ward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

COME, WEARY SOULS.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocal parts (Soprano and Alto), and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment (Right and Left Hand). The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are: "Come, weary souls, with sin dis - tres'd Come, and ac-cept the promised rest; The Saviour's gracious call o - bey, And cast your Lord, we accept, with thankful heart, The hope Thy gracious words im-part, We come with trembling, yet rejoice, And bless the

Second system of the musical score. It continues with four staves. The lyrics are: "gloom - y fears a - way. Here mercy's boundless o - cean flows, To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes, To cleanse your kind, in - vit - ing voice. Dear Saviour, let Thy powerful love con - firm our faith, our fears re - move, Con-firm our". The piano part includes a *p* (piano) dynamic marking.

COME, WEARY SOULS. Concluded.

53

rit e dim.

cres.

f

guilt, and heal your woes; Par-don, and life, and end - less peace, How rich, how rich the gift, how free the grace.

faith, our fears re - move, And sweetly in - fluence eve - ry heart, And guide, and guide to e - ter - nal rest.

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.

L. O. E.

p

1. To-day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'ers, come! Oh, ye benighted souls, why longer roam? To-day the Saviour calls; To-day
To-day

2. To-day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear him now! With-in these sacred walls, To Je-sus bow To-day To-day the Saviour calls.

3. The spir-it calls to-day, Yield to his pow'r; Oh, grieve him not away! 'Tis mer-cy's hour. To-day the Saviour calls, To day the Saviour calls.
To-day To-day

Words by MISS MABEL H. EMERSON.

L. O. E.

Andante.

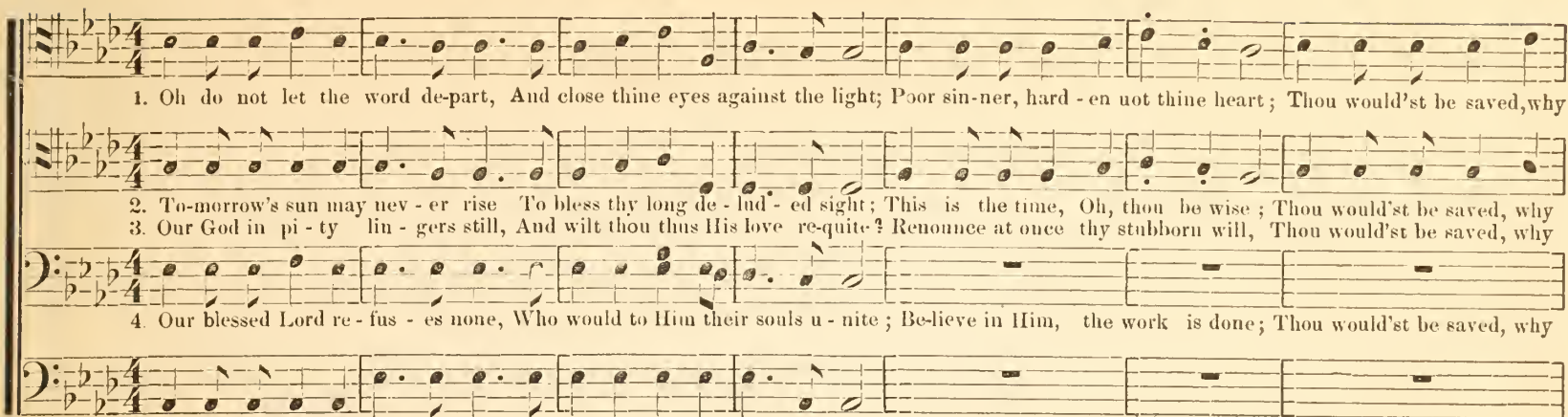
1. Fa - ther in hea - ven, help us, we pray Thee, To do Thy will through-out all the day.

2. Give us Thy spir - it, that we may trust Thee! And from all e - vil our souls de - fend!

rit.

As Thou hast loved us, So wilt Thou guide us, That we may walk in Thy ho - ly, per - feet way.

So lead us ten - der - ly, Through all life's path - way; Help us to serve Thee, Our Sa - viour and our Friend.



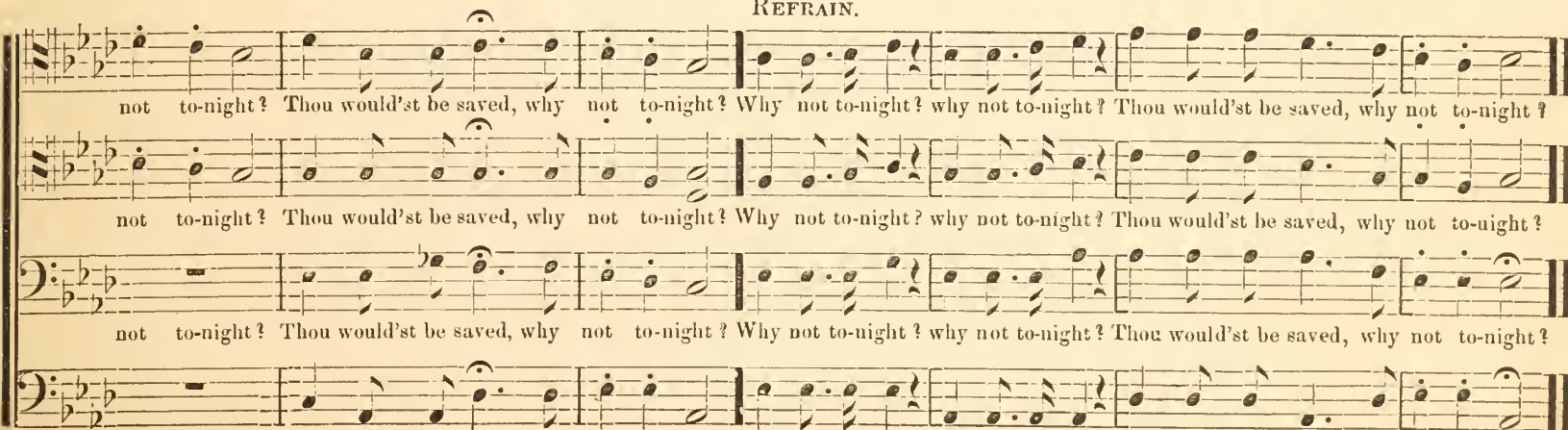
1. Oh do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light; Poor sin-ner, hard - en uot thine heart; Thou would'st be saved, why

2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight; This is the time, Oh, thou be wise; Thou would'st be saved, why

3. Our God in pi - ty lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite? Renounce at once thy stubborn will, Thou would'st be saved, why

4. Our blessed Lord re - fus - es none, Who would to Him their souls u - nite; Be-lieve in Him, the work is done; Thou would'st be saved, why

REFRAIN.



not to-night? Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

not to-night? Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

not to-night? Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

"GO, WATCH AND PRAY."

SOLO.

L. O. EMERSON.

1. Go, watch and pray! thou canst not tell How near, thine hour may be;..... Thou canst not know how

This system contains the first line of the musical score. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

soon the bell May toll its notes For thee! Death's count - less snares.... be - set thy way,....

This system contains the second line of the musical score, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics continue below the vocal staff.

REFRAIN.

Frail child of earth, go, watch and pray. Watch and pray, Watch and pray.

Watch and pray. watch and pray.

This system contains the refrain of the song. It features a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

Frail child of earth, go watch and pray.

Sra

Frail child of earth, go watch and pray.

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a melodic phrase and ends with a double bar line. The middle staff is a piano accompaniment line with a treble clef, featuring chords and a melodic line. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line with a bass clef, also featuring chords and a melodic line. The lyrics 'Frail child of earth, go watch and pray.' are written below the top staff, with a dotted line indicating a continuation of the phrase. The word 'Sra' is written below the middle staff. The phrase 'Frail child of earth, go watch and pray.' is repeated below the bottom staff.

- 2 Fond youth, while free from blighting care,
Does thy firm pulse beat high ;
Do hope's glad visions, bright and fair,
Dilate before thine eyes ?
Soon these must change—must pass away,
Frail child of earth, go watch and pray.
- 3 Thou aged man, life's wintry storm
Hath seared thy vernal bloom ;
With trembling limbs and wasting form,
Thou'rt bending o'er the tomb !
And can vain hope lead thee astray !
Lo ! weary pilgrim, watch and pray.

WAITING TILL THE REAPER COMES.

Words by MISS ALICE PENDLETON.

Music by H. H. PENDLETON.

1. Go ye forth in - to the har - vest, Is thy mis - sion from on high ; Gath - er in God's rich - est

treasures, Not a sin - gle sheaf pass by, There are thousands by the way - side, Homeless.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (top staff, treble clef) and two piano accompaniment lines (middle and bottom staves, treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The first system of staves contains the first line of the song. The second system of staves contains the second line of the song. The third system of staves contains the third line of the song.

friend - less, fall - en ones; There are pil - grims without number, Wait - ing till the reap - er comes.

rall.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing till..... the reap - er gath - ers In His arms..... the wea - ry ones, Wait-ing

Wait-ing till the reap er gathers In His arms the wea - ry ones,

in.... the gold - en har - vest, Wait - ing till..... the reap - er comes.

Waiting till the har - vest, till the reap - er comes.

- 2 Know ye not the pain and anguish,
Or the sorrows yet untold,
Hidden 'neath a smiling visage.
Were the curtains once unroll'd,
Many more in darkness linger,
Mid the scenes of vice and crime;
Waiting till the reaper's sickle
Thro' the gospel light doth shine.
- 3 Go ye, then, into the harvest,
With thy might, and with a will,
Bravely toiling in life's vineyard,
Thus the holy law fulfil;
Gathering into Christ's own kingdom
All the friendless, fallen ones,
Who are wandering by the wayside,
Waiting till the reaper comes.

1. How could I know the way to go, A weak and wand'ring child? How could I find, with err - ing mind, My path thro' des-erts wild?

2. How dark and drear would life ap-pear, Without this lamp to guide! The clouds of sin would shut me in, And every pros-pect hide.

3. How would the tomb be full of gloom, To our be - wildered eyes! But now we wait at death's dark gate, Our passage to the skies;

CHORUS,

1. But now thy light, thro' all the night, Shines round a - bout my way; It shows the road to Thine a - bode, It points to end-less day.

2. But now thy light, thro' all the night, Shines round a - bout my way; It shows the road to Thine a - bode, It points to end-less day.

3. For thro' the night, thy blessed light, Shines round a - bout my way; It shows the road to Thine a - bode, It points to end-less day,

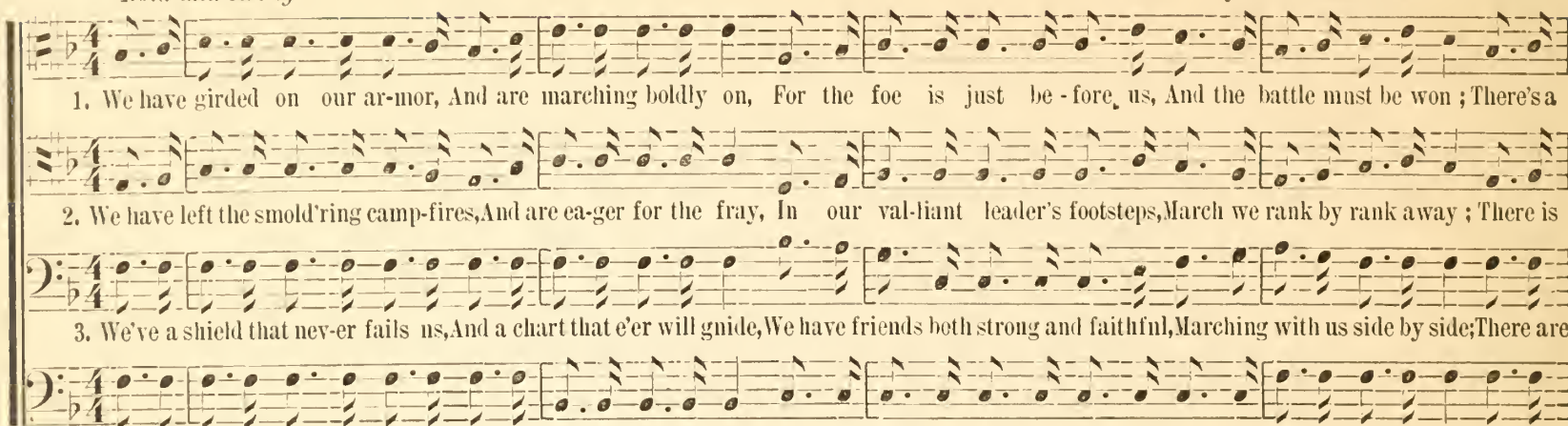
THE CHRISTIAN'S MARCH TO VICTORY.

MRS. S. C. HERRICK.

Bold and strong.

Arranged in part from L. B. STARKWEATHER.

by L. O. EMERSON.



1. We have girded on our ar-mor, And are marching boldly on, For the foe is just be-fore us, And the battle must be won ; There's a

2. We have left the smold'ring camp-fires, And are ea-ger for the fray, In our val-liant leader's footsteps, March we rank by rank away ; There is

3. We've a shield that nev-er fails us, And a chart that e'er will guide, We have friends both strong and faithful, Marching with us side by side ; There are



glorious ban-ner floating From the watch-tower in the sky, And we march beneath its mot-to, We will con-quer or we'll die.

martial mu-sic swelling, From the watch tower in the sky, And our hearts repeat the ech-o, We will con-quer or we'll die.

gold-en crowns suspend-ed From the watch-tower in the sky, There are an-gel hands that beckon, As we march to vic-to-ry.

THE CHRISTIAN'S MARCH TO VICTORY. Concluded.

61

CHORUS.

Marching on, Marching on, We are march - ing bold - ly


Marching on, Marching on, We are march - ing bold - ly

March - ing on, bold - ly on, March - ing on, bold - ly on, We are march - ing bold - ly

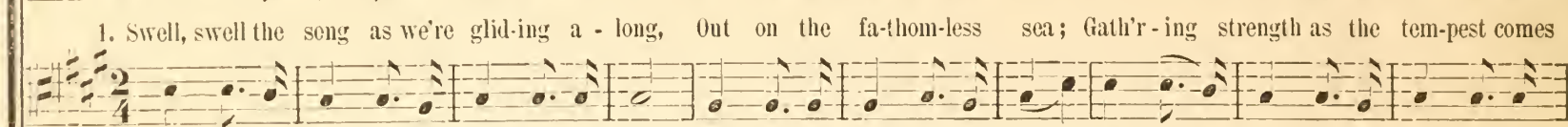
on.... Marching on, Marching on, And the victory must be won.

on.... Marching on, Marching on, And the victory must be won.

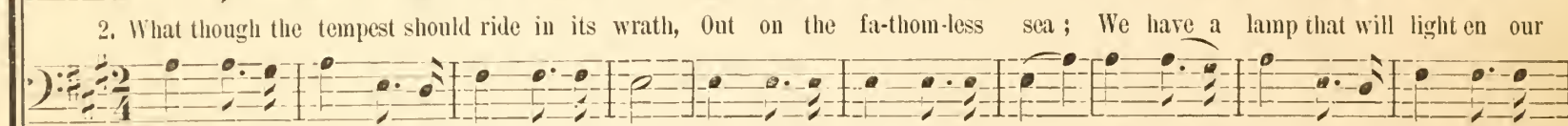
on, bold - ly on, March - ing on, bold - ly on, Marching on, bold - ly on, And the victory must be won.



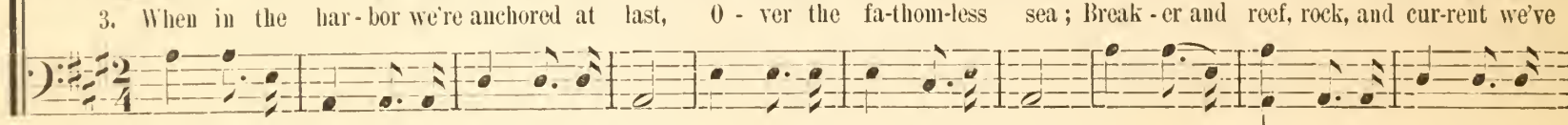
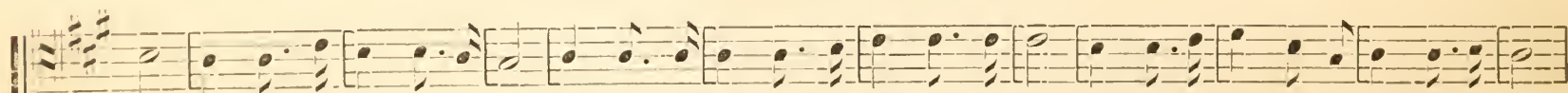
1. Swell, swell the song as we're glid-ing a - long, Out on the fa-thom-less sea; Gath'r-ing strength as the tem-pest comes



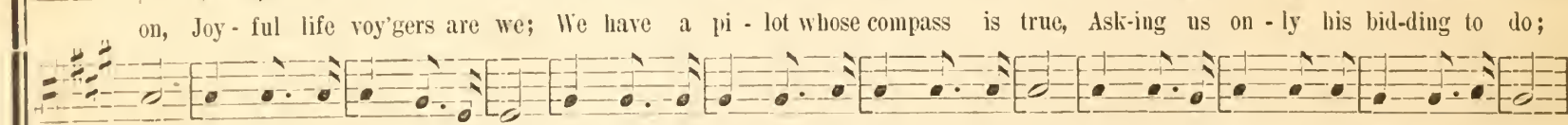
2. What though the tempest should ride in its wrath, Out on the fa-thom-less sea; We have a lamp that will light en our



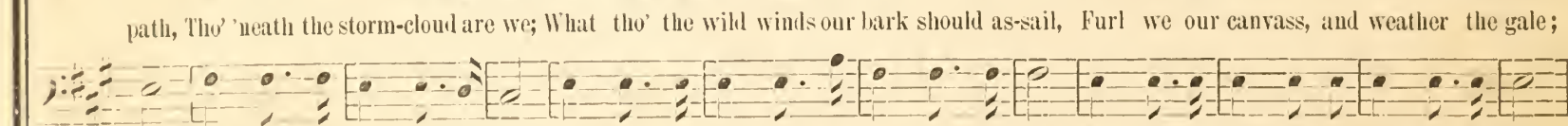
3. When in the har-bor we're anchored at last, O - ver the fa-thom-less sea; Break - er and reef, rock, and cur-rent we've

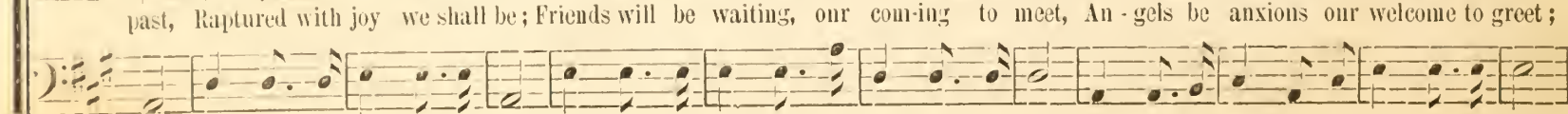
on, Joy - ful life voy'gers are we; We have a pi - lot whose compass is true, Ask-ing us on - ly his bid-ding to do;



path, Tho' 'neath the storm-cloud are we; What tho' the wild winds our bark should as-sail, Furl we our canvass, and weather the gale;



past, Raptured with joy we shall be; Friends will be waiting, our com-ing to meet, An - gels be anxious our welcome to greet;



f ad lib.

He'll guide us safe - ly the whole journey through, Out on the fa-thom - less sea; Out on the fa - thom - less sea.

Pi - let and compass, and chart, nev - er fail, Out on the fa-thom - less sea; Out on the fa - thom - less sea.

Pi - lot and crew, all with rap - ture re - plete, O - ver the fa-thom - less sea; O - ver the fa - thom - less sea.

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music is in 2/4 time. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

WHEN WE'RE STANDING ON ZION'S HILL.

MRS. S. C. HERRICK.

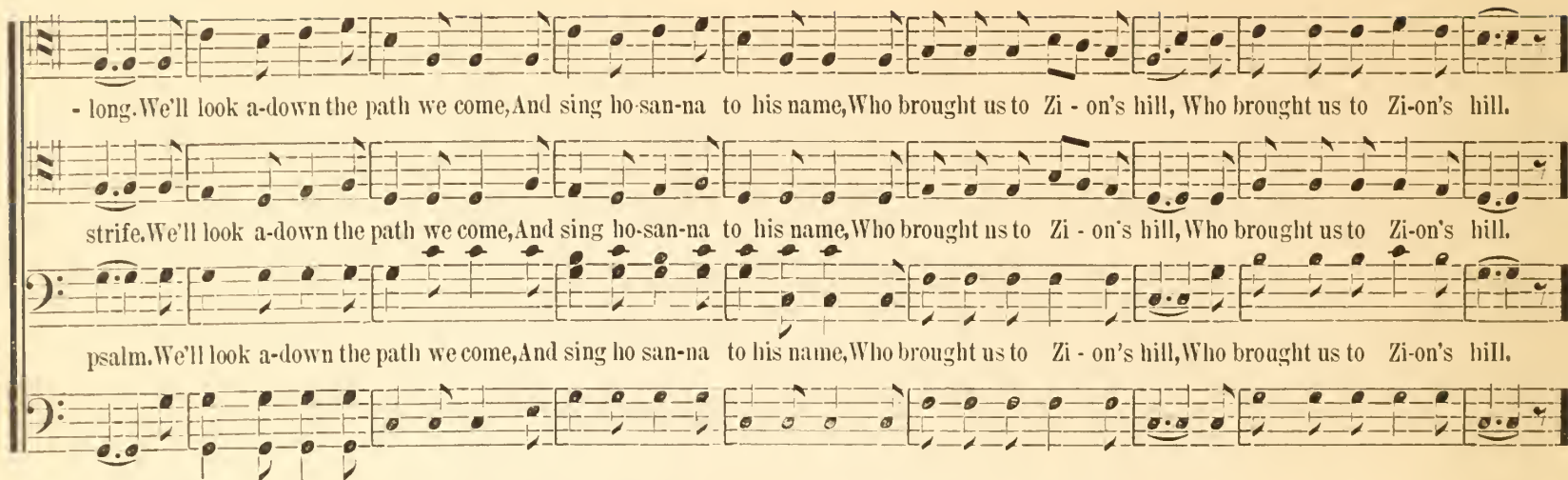
L. B. STARKWEATHER.

1. When we're standing on Zi - on's hill, With the ho - ly, hap - py throng; When our hearts with mus - ic thrill, And our lips the strains pro -

2. When we're standing on Zi - on's hill, Be - side the Riv - er of life, When we're free from eve - ry ill, From sor - row, pain, and

3. When we're standing on Zi - on's hill, With the vic - tor's crown and palm, When our hearts with rapture thrill, As we join the ho - ly

The musical score is written for four staves. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.



- long. We'll look a-down the path we come, And sing ho-san-na to his name, Who brought us to Zi - on's hill, Who brought us to Zi-on's hill.

strife. We'll look a-down the path we come, And sing ho-san-na to his name, Who brought us to Zi - on's hill, Who brought us to Zi-on's hill.

psalm. We'll look a-down the path we come, And sing ho san-na to his name, Who brought us to Zi - on's hill, Who brought us to Zi-on's hill.

REFRAIN.



Beau - - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - - ti - ful Zi - on, We'll stand on Zi - on's hill.

Beau - - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Beau - - ti - ful Zi - on, We'll stand on Zi - on's hill.

Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti ful Zi - on, Beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on, Beau-ti ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on, We'll stand on Zi - on's hill!

1. I will nev-er, nev - er leave thee, I will nev - er thee for-sake ; I will guide, and save, and keep thee, For my name and mer-cy's

2. When the storm is raging round thee, Call on me in humble pray'r ; I will fold my arms a - bout thee, Guard thee with the tenderest

3. When my soul is dark and clouded, Fill'd with doubt, and grief, and care, Thro' the mists by which tis shrouded, I will make a light ap -

4. When my feeble flame is dy - ing, And my soul a - bout to soar, To that land where pain and sighing, Shall be heard and known no

sake, Fear no e - vil, fear no e - vil, On - ly all my counsel take ; For I'll nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake.

care, In the tri - al, In the tri - al, I will make thy pathway clear ; For I'll nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake.

-pear ; And the ban - ner, And the ban-ner Of my love I will up-rear ; For I'll nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake.

more, I will teach thee, I will teach thee, To rejoice that life is o'er. For I'll nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er thee for-sake.

1. Ho. each one that is a - thirst, Come, and drink, Oh, come and drink; Here the liv - ing fountains burst, Come and drink, Oh, come and

2. Ye that hun - ger, far from home, Buy and eat, Oh, buy and eat; Though ye have no mon - ey, come, Buy and eat, Oh, buy and

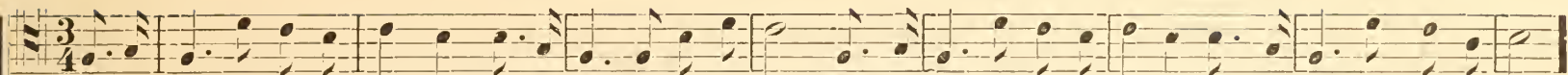
3. Let the need - y and the poor, Come and drink, Yes, come and drink, They shall find the prom - ise sure, Come and drink, Oh, come and

4. Wherefore spend your strength for nought, Buy and eat, Oh, buy and eat; Rich - er bread than gold ere bought, Buy and eat, Oh, buy and

drink. None who come, shall come in vain, They shall ease their burning pain, Nev - er shall they thirst a - gain, Come and drink, Oh, come and drink.

eat; Here is bread that can suf - fice, Here is food of rich - est price, Bought with costly sac - ri - fice, Buy and eat, Yes! buy and eat, drink; Rich and poor, the high and low, Ye have no - where else to go, Come where liv - ing waters flow, Come and drink, Oh, come and drink.

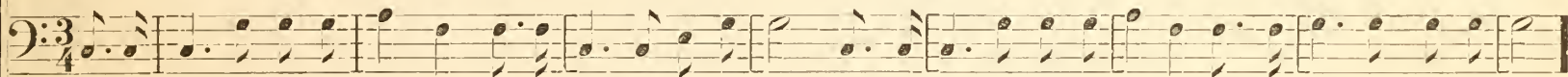
eat; Call off now thy wandering eyes, Hear these voi - ces from the skies, From thy sin and sloth a - rise, Buy and eat, Oh, buy and eat.



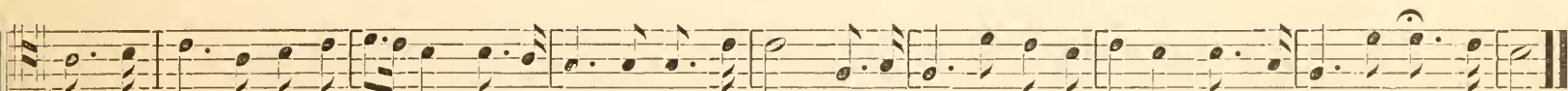
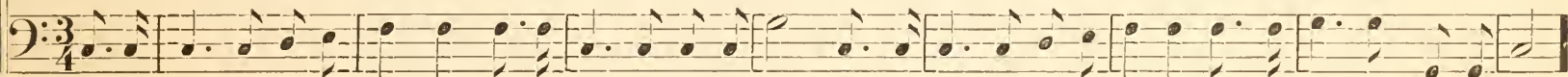
1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and follow Thee, Na - ked, poor, despised, forsaken, Thou, from hence my all shall be.



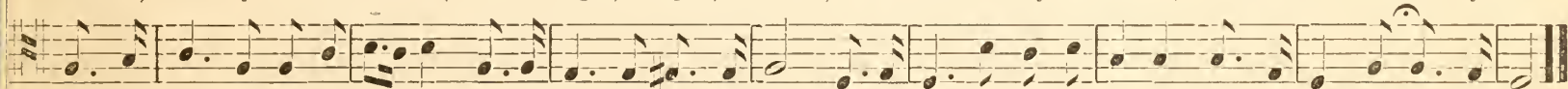
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me, Thou art not like them untrue.



3. Go then, earthly fame and treasure, Come disaster, scorn, and pain; In Thy ser - vice pain is pleasure, With Thy fa - vor loss is gain.



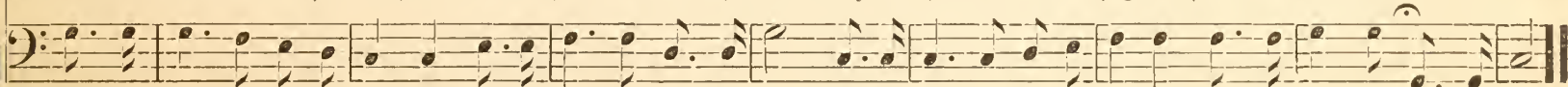
Per - ish, eve - ry fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hoped, or known; Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own.



And while Thou shalt smile upon me, God of wisdom, love, and might, Foes may hate, and friends disown me, Show Thy face and all is bright.



I have call'd Thee Abba, Father, I have set my heart on Thee, Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.



HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

L. O. E.

Solo, or Tenors in unison.

1. We are on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward now we sweet - ly glide; We are on the o - cean sail - ing, To a
 2. Mil - lions now are safe - ly land - ed O - ver on the gold en shore; Millions now are on their jour - ney, Yet there's
 3. You have kin dred o - ver yon - der, On that bright and hap - py shore; By and by we'll swell the num - ber, When the
 4. Spread your sails, while heav'nly breezes Gent - ly waft our ves - sel on; All on board are sweet - ly sing - ing; Free sal -

CHORUS.

home be - yond the tide. All the storms will soon be ov - er; Then we'll an - chor in the
 room for mil - lions more.
 toils of life are o'er.
 va - tion is the song. All the storms will soon be ov - er; Then we'll an - chor in the

All the storms will soon be ov - er; Then we'll an - chor in the

HOME BEYOND THE TIDE.

69

REPEAT. *pp ad lib.*

pp

har - bor; We are on the o - cean, sail - ing To a home.... be-yond the tide, To a home be-yond the tide.

har - bor; We are on the o - cean, sail - ing To a home.... be-yond the tide, To a home be-yond the tide.

har - bor: We are on the o - cean, sail - ing To a home be-yond the tide, To a home be-yond the tide.

SPARRELL. C. M.

L. O. E.

1. Thou dear Redeemer, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of Thee; No music like Thy charming name, Nor half so sweet can be, Nor half so sweet can be.

2. My Je - sus shall be still my theme, While on this earth I stay; I'll sing my Je - sus' lovely name, When all things else decay, When all things else decay.

3. When I ap - pear in yonder cloud, With all the favored throng; Then will I sing more sweet, more loud, And Christ shall be my song, And Christ shall be my song.

O HOW LOVELY IS ZION.

L. O. E.

Moderato.

First system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) and the fourth is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in".

O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in

Second system of the musical score. It continues the four-staff format from the first system. The lyrics are: "Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee. O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on,". The piano part continues with accompaniment for the vocal lines.

Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee. O how love - ly, how love - ly is Zi - on, Zi - on,

O HOW LOVELY IS ZION. Concluded.

71

ci - ty of our God! Joy.... and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall

ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall

ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall

ci - ty of our God! Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall

rit. < >

dwel in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee.

p *pp*

dwel in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee.

dwel in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee.

dwel in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee; Joy and peace shall dwell in Thee.



1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let earth and skies re - ply, Praise ye his name; His love and grace a-dore, Who all our sor-rows bore;



2. While they a-round thy throne, Cheerful - ly join in one, Praising his name; Those who have felt his blood, Sealing their peace with God,



3. What, tho' we change our place, Yet we shall nev - er cease Praising his name; To him our songs we bring, Hail him our gra-cious King,



Sing, sing for - ev - er more, Wor-thy the Lamb,

Wor - thy the Lamb, Wor - thy the Lamb.....



Sound his dear name abroad, Wor - thy the Lamb, Wor - thy the, Lamb,.....

Wor - thy the Lamb.



And with - out ceasing sing, Wor-thy the Lamb,

Wor-thy the Lamb, Wor - thy the Lamb.....



KNOCKING, KNOCKING! WHO IS THERE?

73

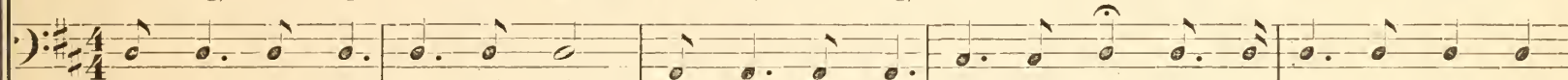
Mrs MARY G. CLARK.



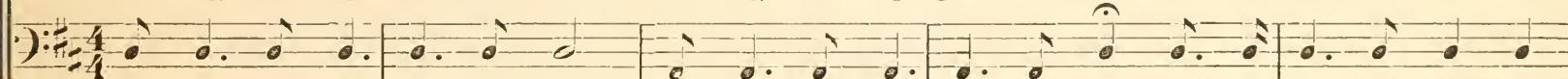
1. Knocking, knock ing! Who is there? Wait - ing, wait - ing, oh, how fair! 'Tis a pilg - rim, strange and



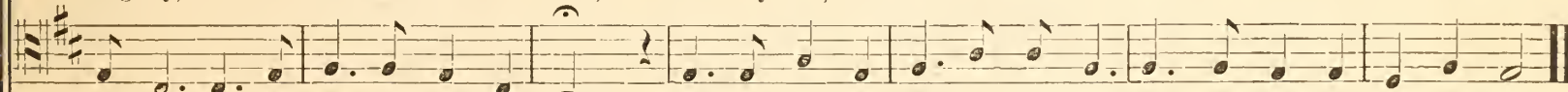
2. Knocking, knock-ing! Still he's there, Wait - ing, wait - ing, wond-rous fair! But the door is hard to



3. Knocking, knock-ing! What, still there? Wait - ing, wait - ing, grand and fair! Yes, the pier - ed hand still



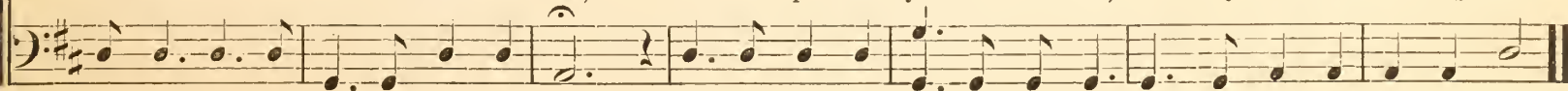
king - ly, Nev - er such was seen be - fore, Ah! my soul, for such a won - der, Wilt thou not un - do the door?



o - pen, For the weeds and i - vy - vine, With their dark and cling-ing tend-rils, Ev - er 'round the hiug - es twine.



knocketh, And be neath the crown-ed hair, Beam the pa-tient eyes so ten - der, Of my Sa-viour wait - ing there.



ONLY ASLEEP.

MRS S. B. HERRICK.

*"Not dead but sleepeth."**Tenderly.*

1. Bear her, oh bear her so tend - er - ly, Down where the vi - o - lets bloom; Twine no dark

2. Fold the white hands so re - pos - ing - ly; An - gels her vig - ils shall keep; Close those sweet

3. Let the sweet rose - buds be gar - land - ed, Fresh, for her fore - head so fair; Twine, too, the

4. "On - ly a - sleep," till the wak - ing be, When the glad morn - ing shall come; On - ly at

cy - press wreath o - ver her, Je - sus has light - en'd the tomb, Je - sus has light - en'd the tomb.

eyes that so lov - ing - ly Say, she is on - ly a - sleep, Say, she is on - ly a - sleep.

tend - er white lil - y - bell, In the soft folds of her hair, In the soft folds of her hair.

rest 'mid the bless - ed - ness, Je - sus, and heav - en, and home, Je - sus, and heav - en, and home!

JESUS LOVER OF MY SOUL. TRIO.

75

THE MELODY IN THE 2d TENOR.

L. O. E.

1. Je - sus lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, While the rag - ing bill - ows roll, While the tem - pest still is nigh.

2. Oth - er refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not alone, Still sup - port and comfort me.

Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, 'Till the storm of life is past! Save in - to the hav - en guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of thy wing.

SWEET REPOSE,

Largo.

L. O. E.

1. Asleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ever wakes to weep; A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Je - sus! peaceful sleep! Whose waking is su - prem - ly blest; No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour. Which man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.

3. Asleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful re - fuge be! Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the sum - mons from on high.

1. Near -er home, yes, one day nearer, To our Father's home on high; To the green fields and the fountains, Of the land be-yond the sky

2. One day near-er, sings the seaman, As he glides the wa-ters o'er, While the light is soft-ly dy - ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore.

For the heav'ns grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

Thus the Christian, on life's journey, As his life-boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture, I am one day near-er home.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD.

77

L. O. E.

There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt - ty stains. The

dy - ing thief re-joic'd to see That foun-tain in his day; And there my I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my guilt a - way.

p SOLO. *mp*

Since first, by faith, I saw the stream, Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply, Re - deem - ing

love..... has been my theme, And shall be till.... I die, *cres.* *f* Re - deem - ing love has been my

mp

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD. Concluded.

79

Largo.

And when this fee - ble

theme, And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die. And when this fee - ble

And when this fee - ble

Faster.

cres.

f

stam-ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave, Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

stam-ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave, Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

stam-ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave, Then in a no - bler, sweet - er song, I'll sing thy pow'r to save.

JUST AS I AM.

E.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!

3. Just as I am, thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve; Because thy promise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come!

4. Just as I am, thy love unknown hath broken eve-ry barrier down; Now to be thine, be thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come!

RETURN, O WANDERER, NOW RETURN.

L. O. E.

With feeling.

1. Return, O wand'rer, now return, And seek thy Father's face! Those new desires which in thee burn, Were kindled by his grace, Re-turn!.....

2. Return, O wand'rer, now return, He hears thy humble sigh! He sees thy softened spirit mourn, When no one else is nigh, Return, O now return!

3. Return, O wand'rer, now return, And wipe the falling tear! Thy Father calls, no longer mourn; His love invites thee near, Re-turn!.....

p Andante.

1. How sweet to be al-lowed to pray To God, the Ho - ly One, With fil - ial love and trust to say, O God, Thy will be done!

2. We, in these sa-cred words, can find A cure for eve-ry ill; They calm and soothe the troubled mind, And bid all care be still.

3. O let that will which gave me breath, And an im-mor - tal soul, In joy or grief, in life or death, My eve - ry wish con - trol.

4. O, teach my heart the blessed way, To im - i - tate thy Son; Teach me, O God, in truth to pray, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

THE CRYSTAL GATE.

Melody in 2d Tenor.

f L. O. E.

1. When the vale of death appears, Faint and cold this mor - tal clay; } Break the shadows, Break the shadows, Usher in e - ter - nal day.
Blest Redeemer, soothe my fears, Light me thro' the darksome way; }

2. Upward from this dy-ing state, Did my waiting soul as - pire, } Then tri-umphant, then tri umphant, I will join th'in-mortal choir.
O - pen now the crys-tal gate, To thy praise at-tune my lyre; }

THE SWEET BY AND BY.

Arranged by L. O. EMERSON.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the
 2. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise; For the glo - ri - ous gift of his

3. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore, The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest; And our spir - its shall sor - row no
 4. We shall rest on that beau ti - ful shore, In the joys of the blest we shall share; And our pil - grim - age toil will be

5. We shall meet! we shall sing! we shall reign! In the land where we nev - er shall die; We shall rest free from sor - row and

REFRAIN.

way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there. In the sweet by and by, We shall
 love, And the bless - ings that hal - low our days.

more, Not a sigh for the blessings of rest. In the sweet by and by, We shall
 o'er, And the con - quer - or's crown we shall wear!

pain, Safe at home, in the sweet by and by. In the sweet by and by, We shall

ad lib.

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by and by, by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, by and by, in the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and He will sustain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and He will sustain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, and He will sustain thee, He will com - fort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Words by REV. BENJAMIN BEDELL.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. Fa-ther, may the heavenly breath Raise to life our drow-sy powers, Lift us from the sleep of death, Shine with-in these souls of ours.

2. Long we sore-ly have been tried, Found our way a thorn-y road, In our times of tri-al cried, Seek-ing for our ab-sent God.

3. Wilt thou not at last return? Change our darkness in-to day, Why should thy dis-ci-ples mourn? Chase these gloomy thoughts away.

4. Yes, we feel thy presence near, Sure our prayer has reached thy throne; While we're speaking thou dost hear, And our sor-rows all are gone.

ASLEEP IN JESUS.

L. O. E.

1. Asleep in Je-sus! Bless-ed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep! A calm and un-disturbed repose, Un-bro-ken by the last of foes.

2. Asleep in Je-sus! Oh, how sweet To be for such a slumber meet! With ho-ly con-fidence to sing, That death hath lost its venom'd sting.

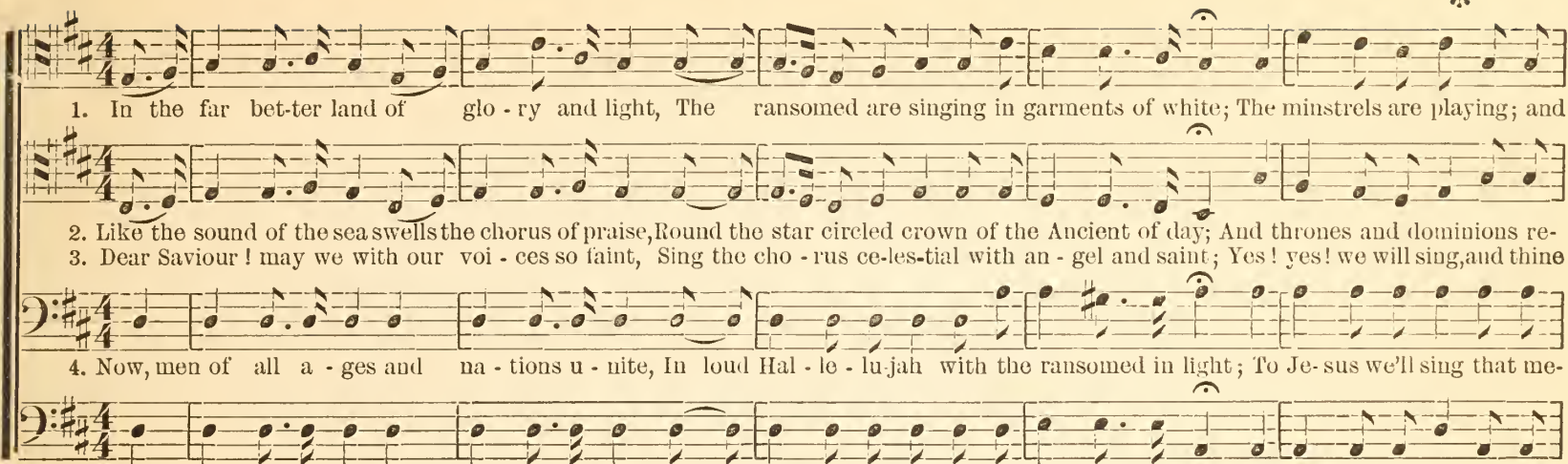
3. Asleep in Je-sus! Peaceful rest! Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest! No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour Which manifests the Saviour's pow'r.

4. Asleep in Je-sus! O for me, May such a bliss-ful re-fuge be! Se-cure-ly shall my ash-es lie, And wait the summons from on high.

THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

85

*

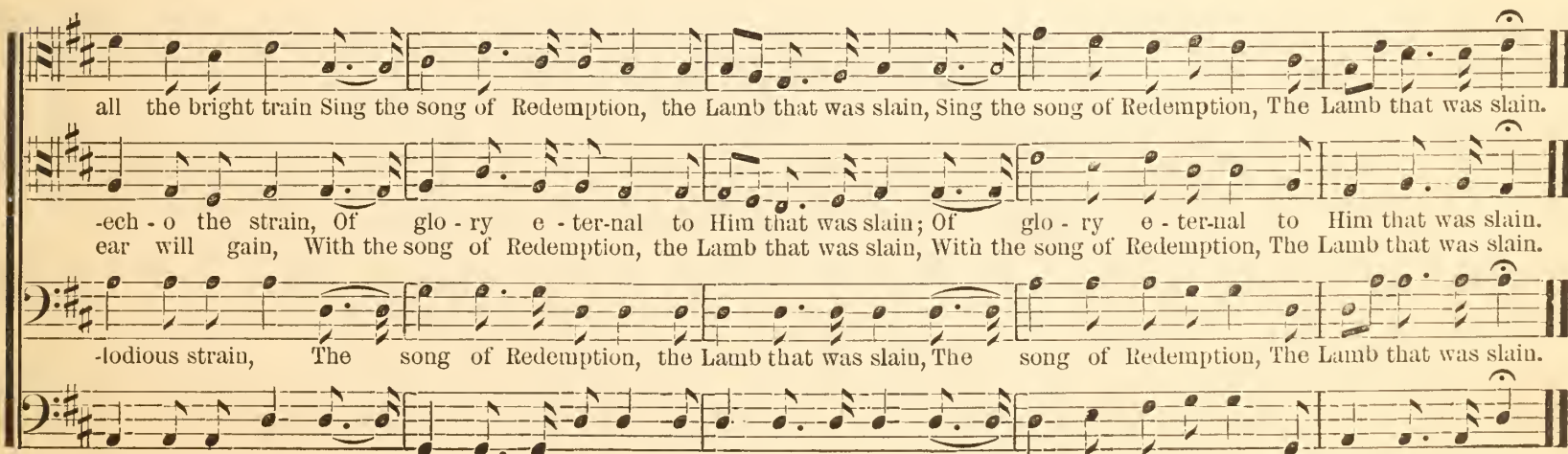


1. In the far bet-ter land of glo - ry and light, The ransomed are singing in garments of white; The minstrels are playing; and

2. Like the sound of the sea swells the chorus of praise, Round the star circled crown of the Ancient of day; And thrones and dominions re-

3. Dear Saviour! may we with our voi - ces so faint, Sing the cho - rus ce - les - tial with an - gel and saint; Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine

4. Now, men of all a - ges and na - tions u - nite, In loud Hal - le - lu - jah with the ransomed in light; To Je - sus we'll sing that me-

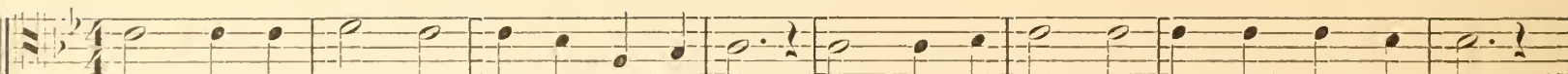


all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain, Sing the song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain.

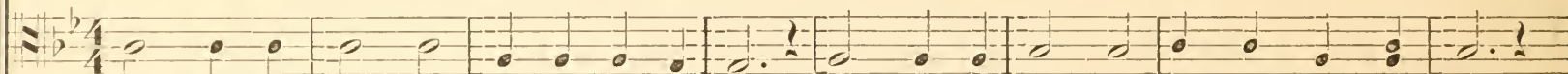
-ech - o the strain, Of glo - ry e - ter - nal to Him that was slain; Of glo - ry e - ter - nal to Him that was slain.

ear will gain, With the song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain, With the song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain.

-lodicous strain, The song of Redemption, the Lamb that was slain, The song of Redemption, The Lamb that was slain.



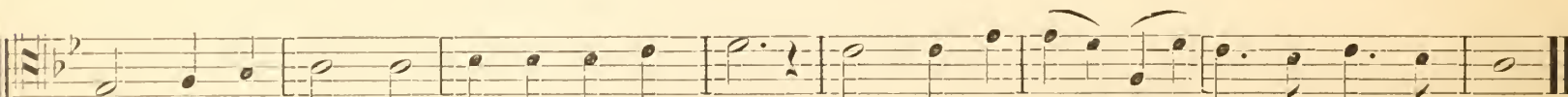
1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide; The dark-ness deep - ens; Lord with me a - bide!



2. I need Thy pres - ence eve - ry pass-ing hour; What but Thy grace can foil the temp-ter's power?



3. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes, Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;



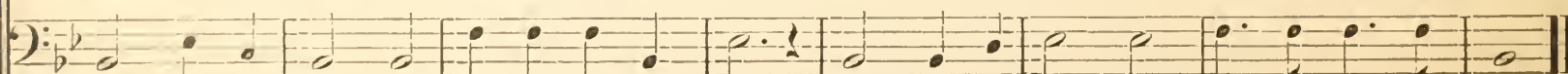
When oth - er help - ers fail and com-forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!



Who like Thy - self my guide and stay can be; Through clouds and sun - shine, O a - bide with me!



Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows flee; In life, in death, O Lord a - bide with me!



mp

1. In the sil - ent midnight watches, List thy bos-om's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev-er-more! Say not 'tis thy

2. Death comes down with reckless footsteps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tar - ry knocking, When the door is shut? Je - sus wait-eth

3. Then 'tis time to stand entreat-ing, Christ to let thee in; At the gate of hea - ven beating, Wail-ing for thy sin; Nay, a - las, thou

pul-ses beat-ing, Tis thy heart of sin, 'Tis the Sa-viour knocks, and cri-eth, Rise and let me in, Rise and let me in.

waiteth, waiteth, But the door is fast; Grieved, a - way the Sav - iour go-eth, Death breaks in at last. Death breaks in at last.....

guil-ty creature, Hast thou then for-got? Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not, Now he knows thee not.

STORM THE FORT.

REV. J. B. VINTON. Burmah.

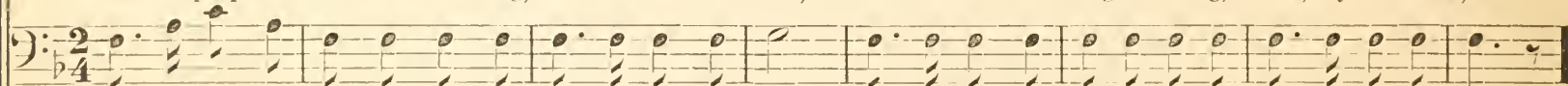
L. O. E.



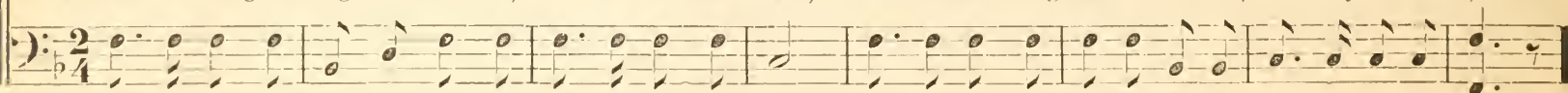
1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig - nal, Je - sus waves on high! Sa-tan's bat - tle-ments are reeling, Hear our Captain's cry:



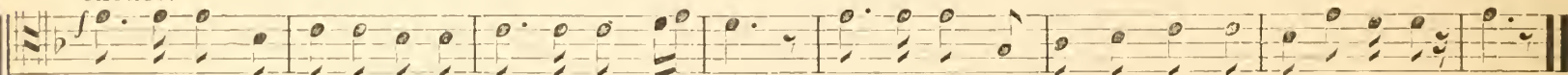
2. See! the loft - y walls are frowning, Held by Sa-tan's pow'r, Sin enshrouds the world in darkness, Now's the storming hour.
3. See! the prophets now are show-ing, How the fort must fall; There is no such thing as failing, Shout, my comrades, all!



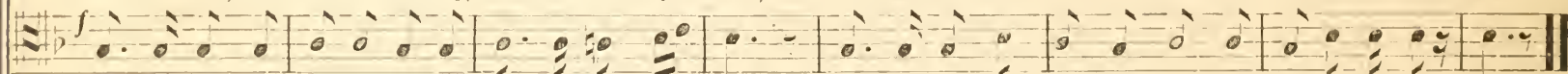
4. Fierce and long the siege has last - ed, But the end is near; Onward leads our great Commander, Cheer! my comrades, cheer!



CHORUS.



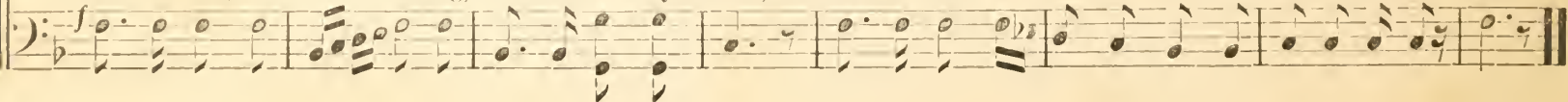
"Storm the fort, for I am leading, I have shown you how;" Shout the an-swer back to heav-en— We are read-y— now.



"Storm the fort, for I am leading, I have shown you how;" Shout the an-swer back to heaven— We are read-y— now.



"Storm the fort, for I am leading, I have shown you how;" Shout the an-swer back to heaven— We are read-y— now.



WE SING THE SONG OF JESUS.

89

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

Arranged by L. O. E. from J. P. WEBSTER.

1. We sing the song of Je - sus, With hap - py heart and voice; Come, join our time - ful num - bers, With us may you re - joice.
 2. For us he waits in glo - ry, Up - on the far - ther shore; When sin and all trans - gres - sions, Shall live and harm no more.
 3. We know our up - ward jour - ney Is on - ly just be - gun; But fear not toil nor dang - er, While Je - sus leads us on.
 4. Come, walk with us the path - way That leads un - to the skies; And let your tune - ful voice - es, With ours in anthems rise.

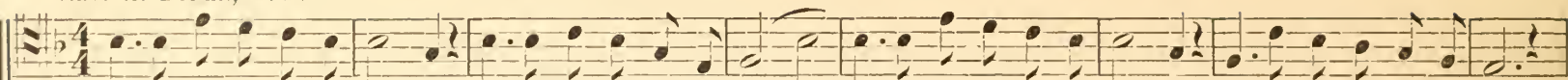
CHORUS.

We sing, we sing, we sing the song of Je - sus; We sing, we sing, we sing the song of love.
 We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We sing the song of Je - sus, We sing, we sing, we sing, we sing, We sing the song of love.

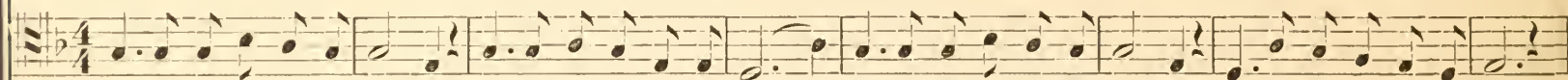
RESPONSE.

Hear the sup - pli - cations of thy peo - ple, Hear us, O Lord, hear our pray'r.
 O Lord, in mer - cy hear our pray'r, Hear the sup - pli - cations of thy peo - ple. Hear us O Lord, hear our prayer.

REV. H. BONAR, D. D.



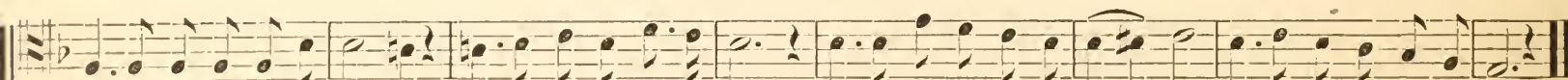
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - il - ege to car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in pray'r.



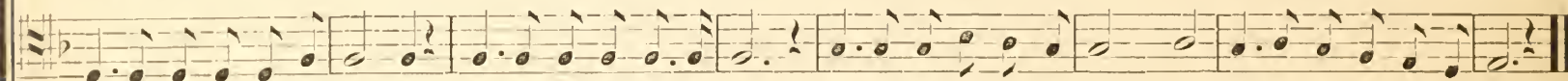
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble an - y where? We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



3. Are we weak and heavy lad - en, Cumber'd with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



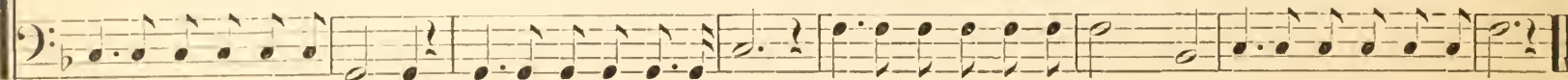
Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear— All because we do not car - ry Ev - ry thing to God in pray'r.



Can we find a Friend so faith - ful? Who will all our sorrows bear? Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.



Do our friends despise, for - sake us? Take it to the Lord in pray'r; In his arms He'll take and shield us, We shall find a solace there.



ONWARD SPEED.

91

For Missionary Occasions.

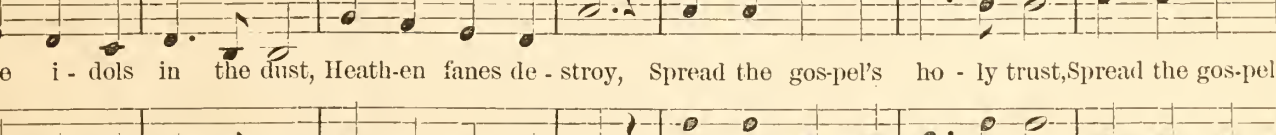
L. O. E.

Boldly.

1. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, An - gel, onward speed; Cast a-broad thy ra-diant light, Bid the shades re - cede :

2. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, An - gel, onward haste; Quick-ly on each mountain's height, Be thy standard placed;

3. Onward speed thy conqu'ring flight, An - gel, onward speed; Morning bursts up - on our sight, 'Tis the time de - creed;



The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems. The first system has a vocal melody on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The second system continues the same parts. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is in a simple, hymn-like style with a clear melody and a supporting bass line.

Tread the i - dols in the dust, Heath-en fanes de - stroy, Spread the gos-pel's ho - ly trust, Spread the gos-pel's joy.

Let thy bliss-ful tid-ings float, Far o'er vale and hill; Till the sweet-ly echoing notes Ev - ery bo - som thrill.

Je - sus now his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall; And the joy - ous song awakes, God is all in all.



1. Je - sus, friend of sin - ners, hear ! Yet once a - gain, I pray, From my debt of sin set clear, For I have naught to pay.



2. For my self - ish - ness and pride, Thou hast withdrawn thy grace ; Left me long to wan - der wide, An outcast from thy face.



3. Sin's de - ceit - ful - ness hath spread A hard - ness o'er my heart ; But if thou thy spir it shed, The sto - ny shall de - part.



Speak, Oh speak the kind release ; A poor, backslid - ing soul re - store ; Love me free - ly, seal my peace, And bid me sin no more.



But I now my sins con - fess, And mer - cy, mer - cy I em - plore ; Love me free - ly, seal my peace, And bid me sin no more.



Shed thy love thy tend - er - ness, And let me feel thy soft'ning pow'r ; Love me free - ly, seal my peace. And bid me sin no more.



FULLY TRUSTING.

93

Words by E. M.

EDWIN MOORE.



1. Ful - ly trust-ing, day by day; Trusting on - ly Je - sus; Walk-ing safe - ly thro' life's way, Side by side with Je - sus.



2. What thought dangers me as-sail, Still I'll trust in Je - sus; Sa - tan's arts will ne'er a - vail, If I trust in Je - sus.



3. Should my courage e'er grow weak, Then I'll look to Je - sus; He will words of comfort speak, Bles-sed, bles-sed Je - sus.



4. When my soul shall take it's flight, Call-ed home by Je - sus; Faith shall then be chang'd for sight, Then shall I see Je - sus.

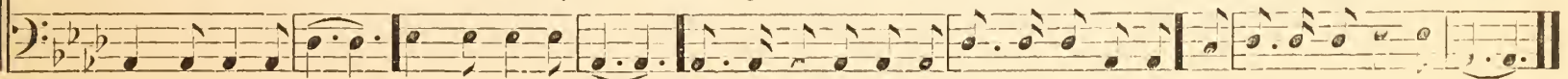
REFRAIN.



Je - sus for my guide, Ev - er at my side, Blessings around me and heav-en be-fore me, O what can I want be - side.



Je - sus for my guide, Ev - er at my side, Blessings around me and heav-en be-fore me, O what can I want be - side.



OH, SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

Andante sostenuto.

L. O. E.

1. Oh, wea - ry souls that on - ward creep, In dark - ness and in pain; O hearts that droop with sor - rows deep, In

2. The bliss ye crave is near at hand, While blind - ly ye may stray; Thy Sav - iour leads thee to the land, Sweet

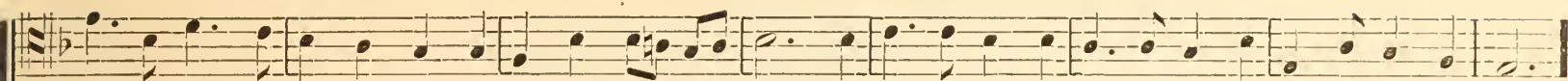
3. A land of rest from all thy care; A home of pure de - light; An end of all the grief ye share, O

SOLO or DUET.

sun - light and in rain; Be - hold a - far the shin - ing Cross, Nor spurn the wel - come hand! Why

land of per - fect day! Thy Mas - ter comes! O! la - bor well, Thy sheaves in or - der bind! The

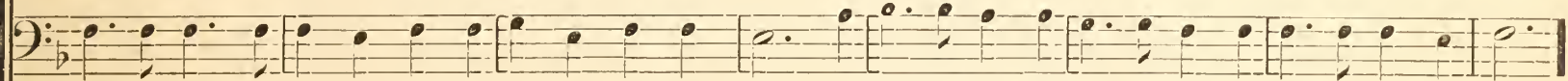
they are near our sight! Have sim - ple faith and trust in Him, And, lo! no lon - ger blind, We



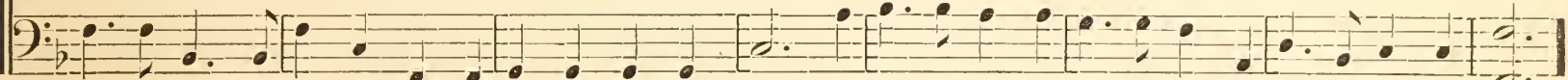
grobe thy way in fear and loss, O! seek and ye shall find? Why grobe thy way in fear and loss, O! seek and ye shall find.



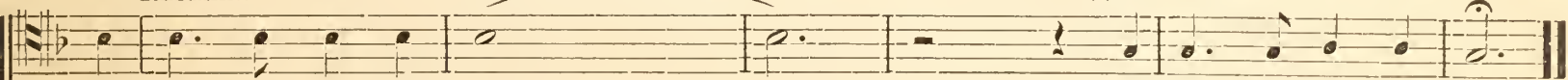
blest re-pose, O! who may tell, But seek and ye shall find! The blest re-pose, O! who may tell, But seek and ye shall find!



gain the realms of Ser - a-phim, Then seek and ye shall find! We gain the realms of Ser - a-phim, Then seek and ye shall find!

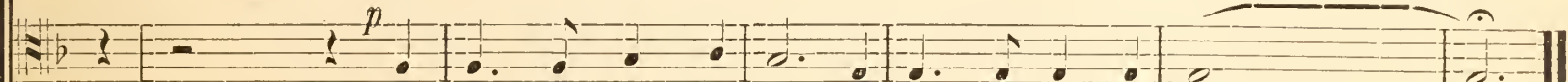


REFRAIN.

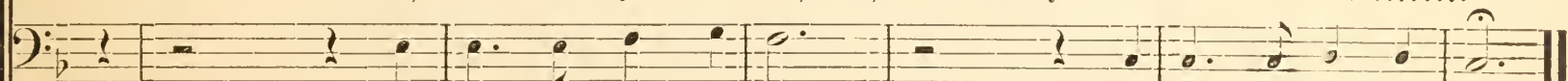


Oh, seek and ye shall find.....

Oh, seek and ye shall find.

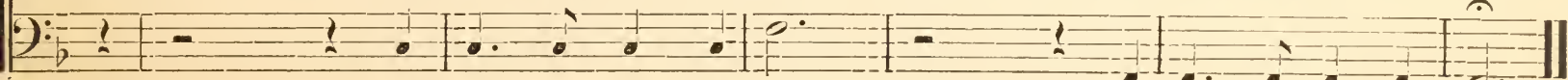


Oh, seek and ye shall find, Oh, seek and ye shall find.....



Oh, seek and ye shall find,

Oh, seek and ye shall find.



1. Drooping souls, no lon - ger mourn, Je - sus still is precious; If to him you now return, Heav'n will be pro - pi-tious.

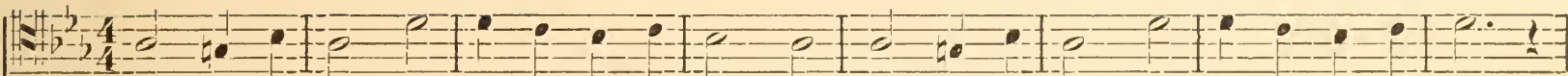
2. He has par - dons, full and free, Drooping souls to gladden; Still he cries, "come un - to me, Wea - ry, hea - vy la - den!"

3. Precious is the Saviour's name, Dear to all who love him; He to save the dy - ing came; Go to him and prove him!

Je - sus now is pass - ing by, Call - ing wand'ers to him; Drooping souls, you need not die, Go to him and hear him.

Tho' your sins like mountains high, Rise and reach to heav - en, Soon as you on him re - ly, All shall be for - giv - en.

Wand'ring sinners, now re - turn; Contrite souls, be - lieve him! Je - sus calls you, cease to mourn; Worship him, re - ceive him.

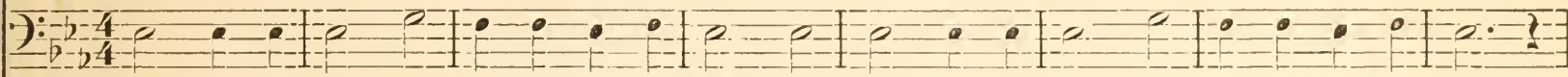


1. Come un - to me when shadows dark - ly gath - er, When the sad heart is wea - ry and dis - trest,

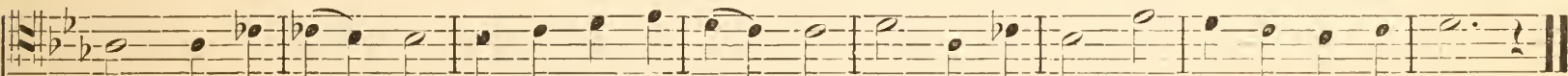
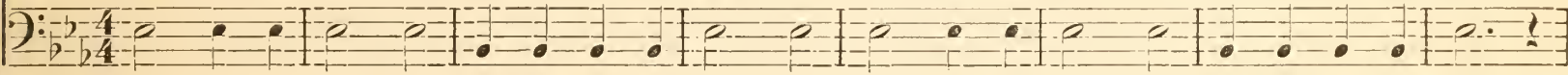


2. Ye who have mourn'd when the Spring flow'rs were ta - ken, When the ripe fruit fell rich - ly to the ground,

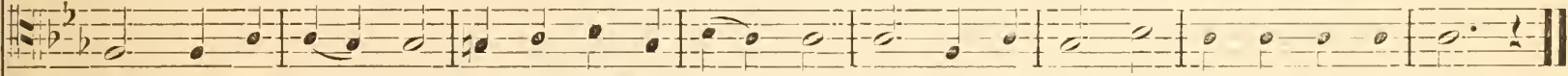
3. Large are the man - sions in thy Fa - ther's dwell - ing; Glad are the homes that sor - rows nev - er dim;



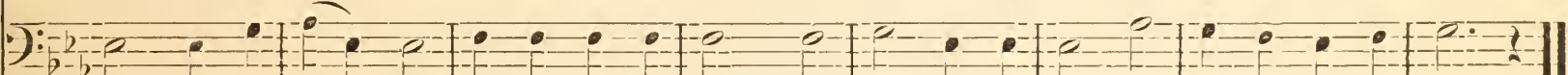
4. There, like an E - den blos - som - ing in glad - ness, Bloom the fair flow'rs the earth too rude - ly pressed;



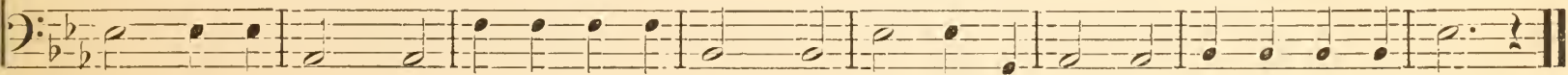
Seek - ing for com - fort from your heavenly Fa - - ther; Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

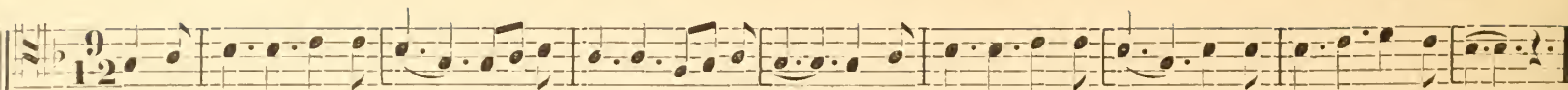


When the loved slept, in bright - er homes to wak - en, Where their pale brows with spir - it wreaths are crowned.
Sweet are the harps in ho - ly mu - sic swell - ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heav'nly hymn.



Come un - to me, all ye who droop in sad - - ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

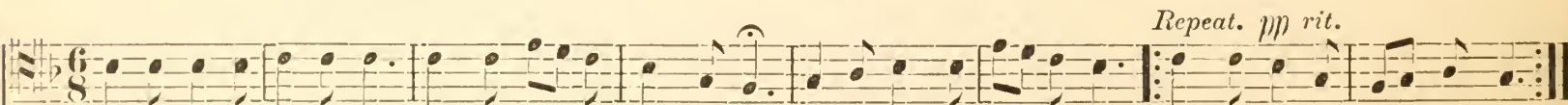




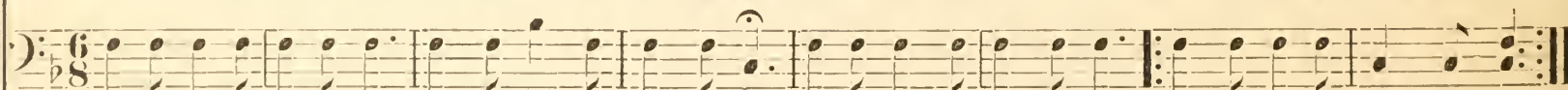
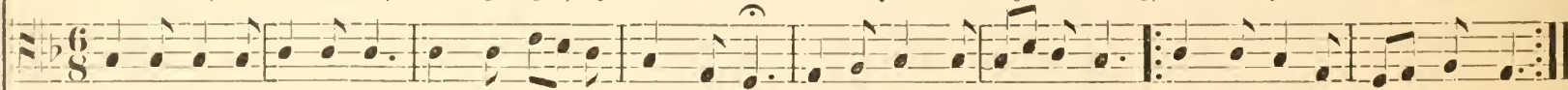
1. Gracious Saviour, can it be There a - waits a crown for me? Set with gems di-vine-ly bright, Sparkling each with heav'nly light?



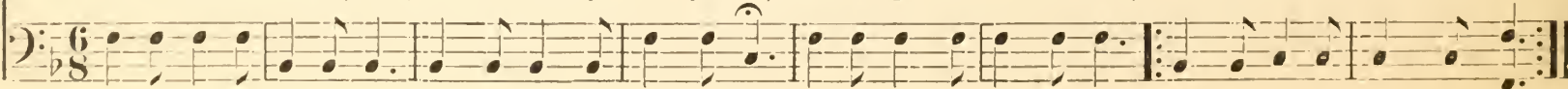
3. Can it be, in glorious dress, Purchased by thy righteousness, I shall dwell with thee, on high, Nev-er more to sin nor die?



2. Can it be, a harp of gold, Glittering bright, my hands shall hold? That my voice shall join the song, Chanted by the blood-washed throng?



4. Tho' the chief of sinners, Lord, Since within thy ho - ly word, Thou hast promised thus to bless, Faith must sweetly whis - per, yes.



HE WIPES THE TEAR FROM EV'RY EYE.

99

SUITABLE FOR SEASONS OF AFFLICTION.

L. O. E.

1. When sore affliction crush the soul, And riv'n is ev'-ry earthly tie, The heart must cling to God a-lone, He wipes the tear from ev'ry

2. A few short years and all is o'er, Your sorrow, pain, will soon pass by; Then lean in faith on God's dear Son, He'll wipe the tear from ev'ry

eye. Thro' wakeful nights, when rack'd with pain, On beds of languishing you lie, Remember still your God is near, To wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

eye. Oh! never be your souls cast down, Nor let your heart desponding sigh, Assur'd that God, whose name is love, Will wipe the tear from ev'ry eye.

p

Come un - to me, All ye that la - bor, and are heavy la - den, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.

Come un - to me, Come un to me, and I will give you rest.

p

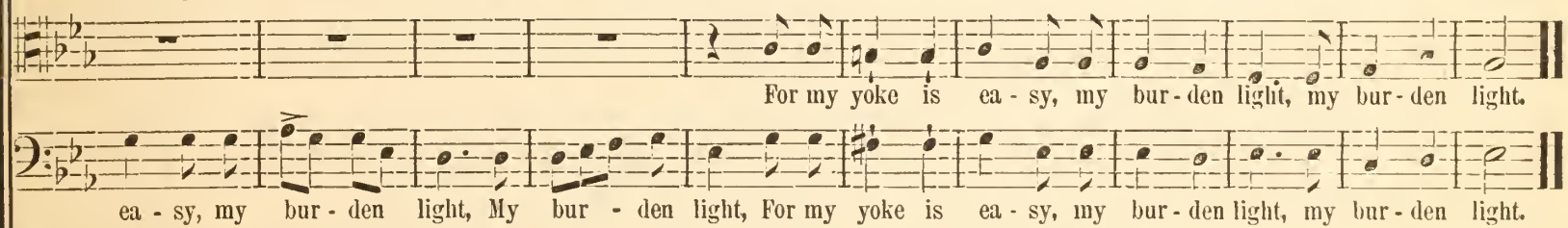
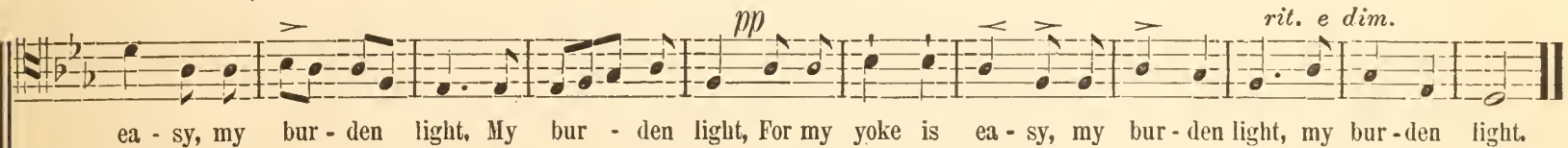
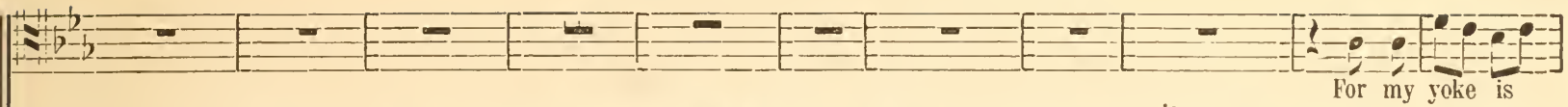
Come un to me, Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.

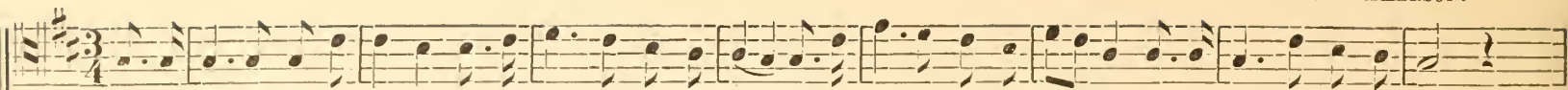
Come un to me, and I will give you rest.

BASS SOLO.

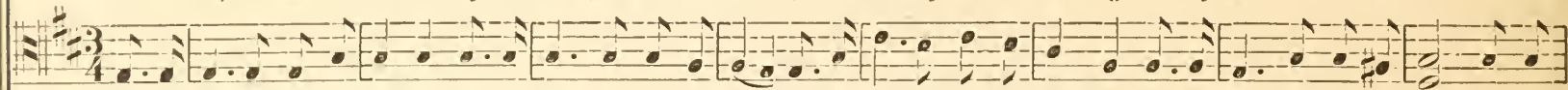
Come un-to me, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke up on you, and learn of me, For I am meek and

Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

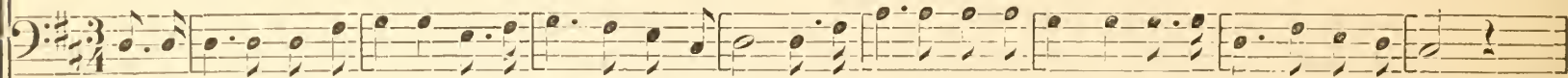




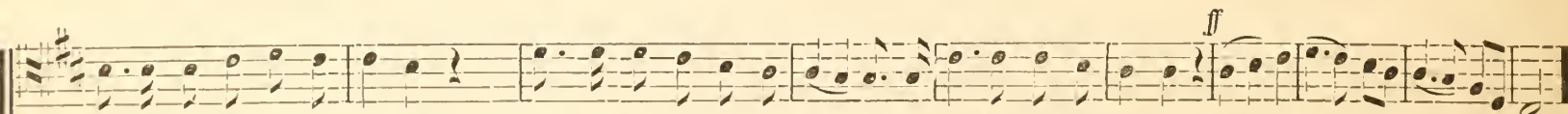
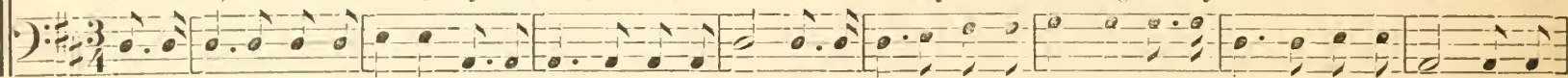
Love di-vine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown.



Love di-vine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown. Je - sus



Love di-vine, all love ex - celling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down, Fix in us thy humble dwelling, All thy faithful mercies crown. Je - sus



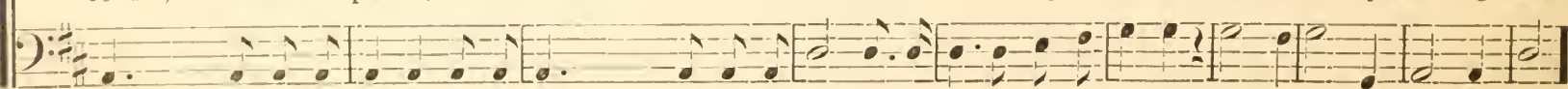
Je - sus, thou art all com - passion, Pure, unbounded love thou art ; Vis - it us with thy sal - vation, En - ter eve - ry trembling heart.



thou art all com - passion, Pure, unbounded love thou art ; Vis - it us with thy sal - vation, En - ter eve - ry trembling heart.



Je - sus, thou art all com - passion, Pure, un - bound - - ed love thou art, Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, en - ter eve - ry trembling heart.



thou

SOLO FOR TENOR OR SOPRANO.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy ho - ly spir - it In - to ev - ry trou - bled breast;

Let us all thy grace in - her - it, Let us find thy prom - - ised rest.

Take a - way the love of sinning, Take our load of guilt a - way; End the work of thy beginning, Bring us to e - ter - nal day.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

L. O. EMERSON



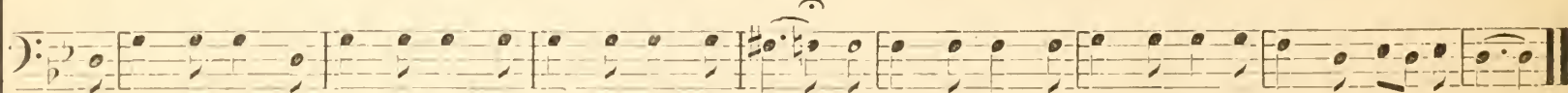
1. There is a green hill far a-way, With - out a ci - ty wall, Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 2. He died that we might be forgiv'n, He died to make us good, That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His precious blood.
 3. O, dear - ly, dear - ly, has He loved, And we must love Him too, And trust in His redeeming blood, And try His works to do.



We may not know, we can - not tell, What pain He had to bear; But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.



There was no oth - er good enough, To pay the price of sin; He on - ly, could unlock the gate Of heav'n, and let us in.



For there's a green hill far a-way, With - out a ci - ty wall, Where the Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

105



1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and mercy mild, God and sin-ners re - conciled. Joy - ful, all ye



2. Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give the second birth, Hail the heav'n-born



3. Let us then, with an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born king! Peace on earth, and mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re - concil'd, Joy - ful, all ye

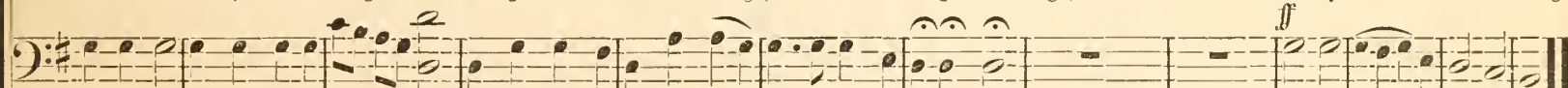


nations, rise; Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angelic hosts proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King!

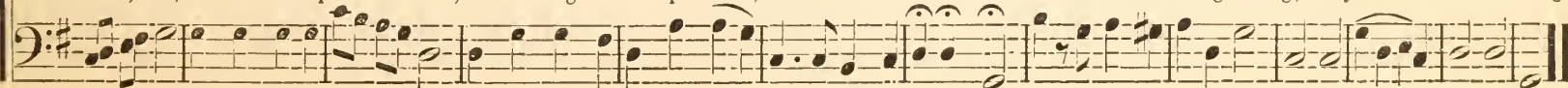


Prince of Peace! Hail, the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all he brings, Risen with healing in his wings,

Glory to the new-born King!



nations, rise; Join the triumph of the skies; With th'angelic hosts proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King!



SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

L. O. E.

f

Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je - ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes-

si - ah is King, Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Mes-si - ah is King. Shout the glad tid-ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing, Je -

ru - sa-lem triumphs, Je - ho - vah is King! Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Je - ru - sa-lem triumphs, Je - ho - vah is King!

1. Zi - on, the mar - vel - lous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the Highest, how low - ly his birth ; The brightest arch - an - gel in
 2. Tell how he com - eth, from na - tion to na - tion, The heart - cheer - ing news let the earth ech - o round ; How free to the faith - ful he
 3. Mortals, your homage be grate - ful - ly bring - ing, And sweet let the glad - some ho - san - na a - rise ; Ye an - gels, the full hal - le -

glo - ry ex - cell - ing, He stoops to re - deem thee, he reigns up - on earth ; The brightest arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex -
 of - fers sal - va - tion, How his peo - ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd ; How free to the faith - ful he of - fers sal -

lu - jah be sing - ing, One cho - rus re - sound thro' the earth and the skies ; Ye an - gels, the full hal - le - lu - jah be

cell - ing, He stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth ; He stoops to re - deem thee, He reigns up - on earth.
 va - tion, How his peo - ple with joy ev - er last - ing are crown'd ; How his peo ple with joy ev - er - last - ing are crown'd.

sing - ing, One cho - rus re - sound thro' the earth and the skies, One cho - rus re - sound thro' the earth and the skies.

* To be played an octave higher than written.

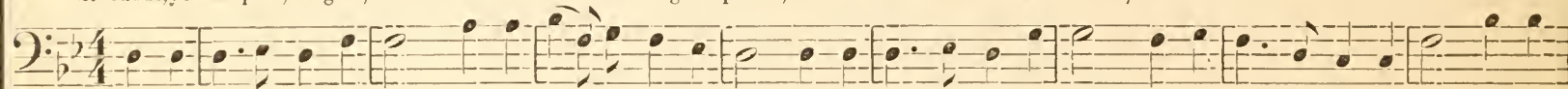
ANGELS, ROLL THE ROCK AWAY.

EASTER HYMN.

MENDELSSOHN.



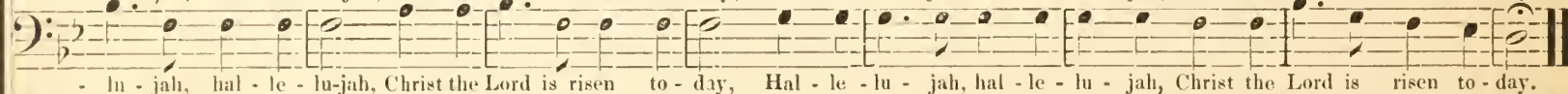
1. An-gels, roll the rock a - way! Death, yield up the mighty prey! See, the Saviour quits the tomb, Glowing with im - mor - tal bloom, Hal-le-
 2. Shout, ye seraphs; angels, raise Your e - ter - nal song of praise, Let the earth's re-mot-est bound, Ech - o to the blissful sound. Hal-le-



3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, Ho - ly son, Ho - ly Spir - it, Three in One, Glo - ry as of old to thee, Now and ev - er - more, shall be. Hal-le-



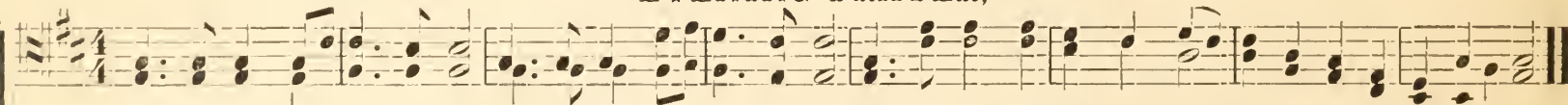
- lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Christ the Lord is risen to - day.



- lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Christ the Lord is risen to - day, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Christ the Lord is risen to - day.



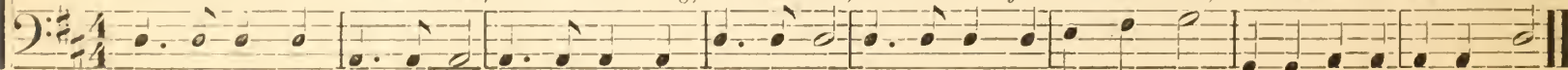
EVENING PRAYER,



1. Thou, from whom we nev - er part, Thon, whose love is ev - er there; Thon, who see - est ev' - ry heart, Hear, O Lord, our evening prayer.



2. Fa - ther, fill our souls with love, Love un - fail - ing, full and free; Love no in - ju - ries can move; Love that ev - er rests on thee.



LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES.

109

Easter Anthem.

L. O. E.

Allegro.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a series of rests followed by a short melodic phrase. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a continuous melodic line. The third staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a continuous melodic line. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a series of rests followed by a short melodic phrase. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, And be ye lift-ed up, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in. Lift up your heads, Lift up your heads, O ye gates, And be ye lift-ed up, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in. Lift up your heads,

The second system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 4/4 time signature, containing a continuous melodic line. The second staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a continuous melodic line. The third staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a continuous melodic line. The fourth staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a continuous melodic line. The lyrics are written below the second and third staves.

O ye gates; And be ye lift-ed up, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in. Who is the King of glo-ry? O ye gates; And be ye lift-ed up, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in. Who is the King of glo-ry? O ye gates; And be ye lift-ed up, Ye ev-er-last-ing doors, And the King of glo-ry shall come in.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES. Continued.

Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord, the Lord, strong and mighty, The Lord, the Lord, might - y in bat - tle;

Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord, the Lord, strong and mighty, The Lord, the Lord might - y in bat - tle;

Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord, the Lord, strong and mighty, The Lord, the Lord, might - y in bat - tle;

This musical system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are bass clefs with the same key signature. The lyrics are written below each staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The music features a variety of note values including eighth, sixteenth, and thirty-second notes, as well as rests.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, Ev - en lift them up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors, And the King of Glo - ry shall come in.

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, Ev - en lift them up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors, And the King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is the King of

Lift up your heads, O ye gates, E - ven lift them up, ye ev - er - last - ing doors, And the King of glo - ry shall come in. Who is the King of

This musical system also consists of three staves with the same treble and bass clefs and key signature as the first system. The lyrics continue across the staves, with the final line of the system ending with a double bar line. The musical notation continues with similar note values and rests.

LIFT UP YOUR HEADS, O YE GATES. Concluded.

111

The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of

glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of

glo - ry? Who is the King of glo - ry? The Lord of hosts, the Lord of hosts, He is the King of glo - ry, He is the King of

Detailed description: This system contains the first three staves of the musical score. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second and third staves are in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across multiple notes. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests.

glo - ry, The King, the King of glo - ry, The King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - - ry.

glo - ry, The King, the King of glo - ry, The King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - - ry.

glo - ry, The King, the King of glo - ry, The King, the King of glo - ry, He is the King of glo - - ry.

ff slower. *rit.*

Detailed description: This system contains the next four staves of the musical score. The top staff begins with the dynamic marking 'ff slower.' and the tempo marking 'rit.' (ritardando). The lyrics continue, with some words like 'glo - - ry' indicating a long note or a pause. The musical notation includes various note values and rests, with some notes being beamed together. The bottom two staves continue the bass line from the previous system.

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COME UNTO ME.

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